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THE

# AMERICAN READER,

CONSISTING OF

## FAMILIAR, INSTRUCTIVE,

AND

## ENTERTAINING STORIES.

SELECTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY HERMAN DAGGETT, A. M.

——————"'Tis our design,
"Instruction with amusement to combine."

POUGHKEEPSIE:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM WILSON.
1841.

EducT 758.41.315

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK; ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the tenth day of April, in the fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Paraclete Potter, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

L. S.

"The Amusing Reader, consisting of Familiar, Instructive, and Entertaining Stories. Selected for the use of Schools. By Herman Daggett, A. M.

"———'Tis our design,
"*Instruction with amusement to combine.*"
"Third Edition."

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THERON RUDD, *Clerk*
*of the Southern District of New-York.*

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## PREFACE.

SUCH a book as the one which is now offered to the public, under the title of "THE AMERICAN READER," is in the opinion of the compiler, greatly needed in our schools.

It was his original design to have comprised the work in two *parts;* adapting the *first* to the capacities of those children, who, by a thorough knowledge of their Spelling Book, were prepared to make their first attempts at reading without spelling. But after examining a small publication entitled "THE CHILD'S INSTRUCTOR," which is already considerably used in schools, he finds it so well adapted to readers of the above description, that he takes the liberty to recommend it as a suitable introduction to the present work.

It is obvious that a book, designed to facilitate the art of reading, should be calculated to engage the attention of children, as much as possible. To this end it should be composed of pieces which are adapted to their understandings, and interesting to their imaginations. Children with such a book in their hands, will advance in the art of reading, more in *one* week, than they otherwise would in *four;* and, with respect to most children, I might say, in *ten.* Thus the time and expense of their education would be greatly lessened.

BUT this is not all. With such a book, they will learn to read more *properly* as well as more *speedily.* The principal reason why children contract a disagreeable and unmeaning pronunciation (which they often retain through life) is because reading is made too much, a disagreeable

and unmeaning business to them. Let a child in his first attempts to read without spelling, have some easy, interesting story given to him, composed of familiar expressions, such as he understands, and he will, without any instruction, read with a natural tone of voice, and with the most perfect propriety. And he will always continue to do so, unless his pronunciation becomes vitiated by example, or by his being put upon an improper course of reading.

The American Reader is composed of pieces which are moral and instructive, as well as entertaining; and it is presented to the public with a full confidence, that if admitted into general use, it will very greatly contribute to the important object, which it is designed to promote.

After children are able to read with facility this book, they will be prepared to enter upon reading of a higher kind; as The American Preceptor, Elements of Useful Knowledge, The English Reader, &c. from which no extracts have been made for the present work, it being designed as a *step* to them, to be used by a lower class of readers.

It is important that books in a school, which are used by the same class of readers, should be exactly alike. The frequent alterations which have been made in almost all school books, both as to matter and form, is a considerable evil. It is designed, therefore, that future editions of this work shall exactly correspond with the present.

It is by no means the wish of the editor, that the Bible should be excluded from our schools. It is proper that children should commence read-

ing in the New-Testament, at least once a day, at the same time that they begin this book. To make the Bible the only book which is read in schools, it is conceived, would be very ill-judged, and improper.

It will be found by comparison, that the following work is not a *mere* compilation; but that considerable pains have been taken to alter, retrench, or enlarge the several pieces, for the purpose of adapting them to the design of the publisher.

To all those who are employed in the honourable, the important, and difficult task of rearing the tender mind; to all parents and guardians of youth; and to all *children* who desire to improve in knowledge and virtue; this book is humbly inscribed, by their well-wisher,

HERMAN DAGGETT.

*Brookhaven*, (*L. I.*)

THE

# AMERICAN READER.

## *THE USEFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.*

ONE fine morning, in the month of June, Ambrose prepared to set out with his father on a party of pleasure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had risen, contrary to his custom, very early, in order to hasten the preparations for his jaunt. However, just as he thought he had reached the object of his wishes, the sky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees, and raised up a tempest of dust.

2. Ambrose went down every moment into the garden to observe the appearance of the sky; he then skipped up the stairs, three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the sky and the barometer conspired against him. For all this, he did not scruple to give his father good hopes, and to assure him that these unfavourable appearances would disperse in a moment; that presently it would be the finest weather in the world; and he concluded that they ought to set out directly to have the benefit of it.

3. Mr Powell, who did not repose a blind confidence in his son's prognostics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Just then the

clouds burst and discharged a heavy shower of rain. Ambrose in the bitterness of his disappointment, began to cry, and obstinately refused all consolation.

4. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length, the clouds dispersed, the sun resumed his lustre, the sky its clearness, and all nature breathed the freshness of Spring. Ambrose recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the sky brightened. His father took him out a little way, and the calmness of the air, the singing of the birds, the lively verdure of the fields, and the sweet perfume that breathed all around him, restored peace and satisfaction completely to his mind.

5. Do you not observe, said his father to him, the pleasing change now produced all around you? Recollect how dull every thing yesterday appeared to us; the ground parched up by a long drought; the flowers faded and hanging their languid heads; in a word all vegetation seemed to be at a stand. To what must we attribute the sudden revival of nature?—To the rain that has fallen to day, said Ambrose.

6. The injustice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, struck him sensibly as he pronounced these words. His father observing him to blush, judged that his own reflections would be sufficient to teach him, another time, to sacrifice, without reluctance, a selfish pleasure to the general advantage of mankind.

## THE LAMB.

1. Little Flora, the daughter of a poor countryman, was sitting one morning by the side of the road, holding in her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfast, in which she sopped a few slices of coarse brown bread. Just then a farmer was passing the road, who had in his cart about a score of lambs which he was going to sell at the market.

2. These poor creatures, crouded one upon the other, with their feet tied together, and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard by the farmer with an air of unconcern.

3. When he came opposite to the little country girl, he threw down before her a lamb, which he was carrying across his shoulders. There, my girl, said he, is a good for nothing creature that has just died and made me five shillings the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a stew of it.

4. Flora quitted her breakfast, laid down her porringer and bread, and taking up the lamb, began to examine it with looks of compassion. But, said she, immediately, why should I pity you? To-day, or to-morrow, they would have run a great knife through your throat, while you now have nothing more to fear.

5. While she was speaking thus, the lamb revived by the warmth of her arms, opened its eyes, made a slight motion, and cried *baa* faintly, as if it was calling for its mother.

6. It would be difficult to express the little girl's joy. She covers the lamb with her apron, bends her breast down towards her lap to warm it the more, and blows with all her force into its mouth.—She felt the poor animal stir by degrees, and at each of its motions she felt her own heart throb.

7. Encouraged by this first success, she crumbles some soft bread into her porringer, and taking it up in her fingers, with some difficulty forced it between its teeth, which were shut fast.

8. The lamb, which was dying only through hunger and cold, felt itself a little strengthened by this treatment. It began to stretch its limbs, to shake its head, and to prick up its ears. It had soon strength enough to support itself upon its legs and then went of its own accord to Flora's porringer, who smiled to see it drink up her breakfast. In short, before a quarter of an hour was past, it actually began to jump and play its little gambols around its preserver.

9. Flora, transported with joy, took it up in her arms, and running to the cottage, showed it to her mother. Baba (for so she named it) became from that moment the object of all her cares. She shared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have exchanged it for the largest flock in the neighbourhood.

10. Baba was so gratefully sensible of her fondness, that she never quitted Flora a single step: she would come and eat out of her hand

would frisk around her, and whenever she was obliged to go out without her, would bleat most pitifully.

11. This was not the only recompense with which Providence repaid Flora's benevolence. Baba brought forth young lambs, and these brought forth others, in their turn: so that in a few years, Flora had a pretty flock, that nourished all the family with their milk, and clothed them with their wool.

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## *WILLIAM AND THOMAS.*

1. In a village, at a small distance from the metropolis, lived a wealthy farmer, who had two sons, William and Thomas, of whom the former was exactly a year older than the latter. On the day that the second was born, the farmer set in his orchard two young apple trees of an equal size, on which he had bestowed the same care and cultivation, and they throve so much alike, that it was a difficult matter to say which claimed the preference.

2. As soon as the children were capable of using garden implements, their father took them on a fine day, early in the spring, to see the two trees he had reared for them, and which he had called after their names. William and Thomas having much admired the beauty of these trees, now filled with blossoms, their father told them, that he made a present of them in good condition, and that they would

continue to thrive or decay, in proportion to the labour or neglect they received.

3. Thomas, though the younger son, turned all his attention to the improvement of his tree, by clearing it of insects as soon as he discovered them, and propping up the stem that it might grow perfectly upright. He dug all around it to loosen the earth, that the root might receive nourishment from the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews. No mother could nurse her child more tenderly in its infancy, than Thomas did his tree.

4. His brother William, however, pursued a very different conduct; for he loitered away all his time in the most idle and mischievous manner, one of his principal amusements being to throw stones at people as they passed.

5. He kept company with all the idle boys in the neighbourhood, with whom he was continually fighting, and was seldom without a black eye, or a broken shin.

6. His poor tree was neglected, and never thought of, till one day in the autumn, when, by chance, seeing his brother's tree loaded with the finest apples, and almost ready to break down with the weight, he ran to his own tree, not doubting but he should find it in the same pleasing condition. But great indeed was his disappointment and surprize, when, instead of finding the tree loaded with excellent fruit, he beheld nothing but a few withered leaves, and branches covered with moss.

7. He instantly went to his father, and complained of his giving him a tree that was worth-

less and barren, whilst his brother's was laden with fruit. He therefore thought that his brother should, at least, give him one half of his apples.

8. His father told him that it was by no means reasonable, that the industrious should give up part of their labour to feed the idle. "If your tree (said he) has produced you nothing, it is but a just reward of your indolence, whilst you see what the industry of your brother has gained him.

9. "Your tree was equally thrifty and grew in the same soil; but you paid no attention to the culture of it. Your brother suffered no visible insect to remain on his tree; but you neglected that caution, and left them to eat up the very buds.

10. "As I cannot bear to see even plants perish through neglect, I must now take this tree from you, and give it to your brother, whose care and attention may possibly restore it to its former vigour. The fruit which it shall produce will then be his property, and you must no longer consider yourself as having any right to it.

11. "However, you may go to my nursery, and there chuse any other which you may like, and try what you can do with it; but if you neglect to take proper care of it, I shall also take that from you, and give it to your brother, as a reward for his superior industry and attention."

12. This had the desired effect on William, who clearly perceived the justice and propriety of what his father had said to him, and instantly

went to the nursery, and chose the most flourishing apple tree he could there meet with.

13. When the proper season came, his brother assisted him in transplanting it, and informed him in what manner to proceed in the cultivation of it; and William now made the best use of his time and of the instructions which he received from his brother.

14. He left off all his mischievous tricks, forsook the company of idle boys, applied himself cheerfully to work, and in a few years he received the reward of his labours, his tree then being loaded with fruit.

15. From this happy change in his conduct he derived the advantage, not only of enriching himself with a plentiful crop of fruit, but also of getting rid of bad and pernicious habits. His father was so perfectly satisfied with his reformation, that the following season he gave him and his brother both trees and ground sufficient for a small orchard, the profits of which they shared equally between them.

## *MISCHIEF ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.*

1. Mr. Stevenson and his little son Richard, as they were one fine day walking in the fields together, passed by the side of a garden, in which they saw a beautiful pear tree loaded with fruit.

2. Richard cast a longing eye at it, and complained to his papa, that he was very dry. On

Mr. Stevenson's saying that he was very dry also, but that they must bear it with patience till they got home, Richard pointed to the pear tree, and begged his papa to let him go and get one; for as the hedge was not very thick, he said he could easily get through without being seen by any one.

3. Richard's father reminded him that the garden and fruit were private property, and to take any thing from thence, without permission was no better than robbery.

4. He allowed, that there might be a possibility of getting into the garden, without being seen by the owner of it; but such a wicked deed could not be concealed from him, who sees every action of our lives, and who penetrates into the very secrets of our hearts; and that is God.

5. His son shook his head, and said he was sensible of his error, and would no more think of committing a robbery. He recollected that he had been told the same thing before, but he had then forgotten it.

6. At this instant a man started up from behind the hedge, which had before concealed him from their sight. This was an old man, the owner of the garden, who had heard every thing which had passed between Mr. Stevenson and his son.

7. "Be thankful to God my child, (said the old man) that your father prevented your getting into my garden, with a view to take away my fruit. You little thought, that at the foot of each tree is placed a trap to catch thieves

which you could not have escaped, and which might have lamed you for the rest of your life I am, however, happy to find that you so readily listened to the first admonition of your father and showed such a fear of offending God.

8. "As you have behaved in so just and sensible a manner, you shall now, without any danger of trouble, partake of the fruit of my garden." He then went to the finest pear tree, gave it a shake, and brought down near a hatful of fruit, which he immediately gave to Richard.

9. This civil old man could not be prevailed on to accept of any thing in return, though Mr. Stevenson pulled out his purse for that purpose. "I am sufficiently satisfied, Sir, (said he) in thus obliging your son; and were I to accept any thing, that satisfaction would be lost."

10. Mr. Stevenson thanked him very kindly, and having shaken hands over the hedge, they parted, Richard, at the same time taking leave of the old man very politely.

11. Little Richard, having finished several of the pears, began to find himself at leisure to talk to his papa. "This is a very good old man, (said he:) but would God have punished me, if I had taken these pears without his leave?"

12. "He certainly would, (replied Mr. Stevenson,) for he never fails, either in this world, or the next, to reward good actions, and to chastise those who commit evil.

13. "The good old man fully explained to

you this matter, in telling you of the traps laid for thieves, into which you must inevitably have fallen, had you entered his garden in a clandestine manner.

14. "God orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as frequently to reward good people for virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes in the present state.

15. "In order to make this more clear to you, I will relate an affair, which happened when I was a boy, and which I shall never forget." Richard seemed very attentive to his father, and having said that he should be very glad to hear his story, Mr. Stevenson thus proceeded:

16. When I lived with my father, and was about your age, we had two neighbours, one on each side of us, and their names were Davis and Johnson.

17. Mr. Davis had a son named William, and Mr. Johnson had one of the name of Harry Our gardens were at that time, separated only by quickset hedges, so that it was easy to see into each other's grounds.

18. It was too often the practice with William when he found himself alone in his father's garden, to take a pleasure in throwing stones over the hedges, without paying the least regard to the mischief they might do.

19. Mr. Davis had frequently caught him at this dangerous sport, and never failed severely to reprimand him for it, and to threaten him with severe punishment if he did not desist.

20. But this child, unhappily, either knew not, or would not take the trouble to reflect, that we should not do amiss, even when we are alone, for reasons which I have already mentioned to you. His father being one day gone out, and therefore thinking that nobody could see him, or bring him to punishment, he filled his pockets with stones, and then began to fling them about at random.

21. Mr. Johnson, happened to be in his garden, at the same time, and his son Harry with him. This boy was of much the same disposition as William, thinking there was no crime in doing mischief, provided he was not discovered.

22. His father had a gun charged, which he brought into the garden in order to shoot the birds, that made sad havoc among his cherries, and was sitting in the summer-house to watch them. At this instant a servant came to acquaint him, that a strange gentleman desired to speak with him, and was waiting in the parlour.

23. He therefore put down the gun into the summer-house, and strictly ordered Harry by no means to touch it; but he was no sooner gone, than this naughty boy said to himself, that he could see no harm in playing a little with the gun, and therefore took it up, put it on his shoulder, and endeavoured to act the part of a soldier.

24. The muzzle of the gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Davis's garden, and just as he was in the midst of his military exercises,

a stone thrown by William hit him directly on one of his eyes.

25. The fright and pain together made Harry drop the gun, which went off, and in a moment both gardens resounded with the most dismal shrieks and lamentations.

26. Harry had received a blow in the eye with a stone, and the whole charge of the gun had entered William's leg. The sad consequences of which were, the one lost his eye, and the other a leg.

27. Richard could not help pitying poor William and Harry for their terrible misfortune, and Mr. Stevenson did not blame his son for his tenderness.

28. "It is true, (said he) they were much to be pitied, and their parents still more, for having such vicious and disobedient children. Yet it is probable, if God had not early punished these boys, they might have continued their mischievous practices, as often as they found themselves alone; but by this misfortune they learned that God could find ways to punish any wickedness, which was done in secret.

29. "This had the desired effect, as both of them ever after left off all kinds of mischief, and became wise and prudent young men."

30. Richard was very much struck with this story, and said he hoped he should never lose either a leg or an eye, by such imprudent conduct. This interesting conversation was interrupted by their arrival at their own house, when Richard hastened to find his brothers and

sisters, to make them a present of some of his fine pears, and to tell them the adventures of his walk, and the history of William and Harry.

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## *CLEOPATRA, OR THE REFORMED LITTLE TYRANT.*

1. A pert little hussy, whose name was Cleopatra, was continually teazing and commanding her poor brother. "So you will not do what I bid you, Mr. Obstinacy! (she would often say to him.) Come, come, sir, obey, or it shall be the worse for you."

2. If Cleopatra's word might be taken for it, her brother did every thing wrong, but on the contrary, whatever she thought of doing, was the master-piece of reason and sound sense. If he proposed any kind of diversion, she was sure to call it dull and insipid, but it often happened, that she herself would, the next day recommend the same thing; and having forgotten what she said of it before, considered it as the most lively and entertaining.

3. Her brother was obliged to submit to her unaccountable whims and fancies, or else endure the most disagreeable lectures, which a little female tongue could utter. If ever he presumed to be so hardy as to reason with her on her strange conduct, instant destruction to his play things was the inevitable consequence of it.

4. Her parents with regret saw this strange and tyrannical disposition of their daughter, and in vain did every thing they could think of to break her of it. Her mother, in particular, continually reminded her that such children never procured the esteem of others; and that a girl, who set up her own opinion against that of every one else, would soon become intolerable and insupportable to all her acquaintance.

5. This prudent advice, however, made no impression on her stubborn heart; and her brother, wearied out by her caprice and tyranny, began to have very little affection for her.

6. It one day happened that a gentleman of a free and open temper dined at their house. He could not help observing, with what a haughty air she treated her poor brother, and, indeed, every other person in the room.

7. At first the rules of politeness kept him from saying any thing; but at last, tired out with her impertinence, he began addressing his discourse to her mamma, in the following manner.

8. "I was lately in France, and as I was fond of being present at the soldiers' exercise, I used to go as often as I could, to see their manoeuvres on the parade, nearly in the same manner as they do in this country.

9. "Among the soldiers, there were many I observed with whiskers, which gave them a very fierce and soldier-like look. Now, had I a child like your Cleopatra, I would instantly give her a soldier's uniform, and put on her a pair of whiskers, when she might, with rather more

propriety, than at present, act the part of a commander."

10. Cleopatra heard this, and stood covered with confusion! She could not help blushing, and was unable to conceal her tears. However, this reproach perfectly reformed her, and she became fully sensible of the impropriety of a tyrannizing temper.

11. It has been observed, that to be sensible of our errors, is half the work of reformation. So it happened with Cleopatra, who, with the assistance of her mother's prudent counsels, became a modest and amiable girl.

12. Her reformation was a great credit to her; and it is much to be wished, that all young ladies, who take no pains to conquer their passions, would at least imitate Cleopatra, and wish to avoid being told, or having it thought, that a soldier's dress, and a pair of whiskers would better become them, than decent female apparel.

13. Had Cleopatra attended to the advice of her parents, and not have imagined that greatness consisted in impertinence, she would have been happy much sooner than she was.

14. And now I will tell you how another little girl, who had contracted bad habits, was cured by a looking-glass.

15. There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:

At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take her seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

16. Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took, still made her worse and worse.

17. Mamma observ'd this pouting lass
By stealth retiring to the glass;
On this a deep design she laid,
To cure the humor of the maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly mend another.

18. Upon the wall, against the seat,
Which Cleo us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.

19. All this the looking-glass achiev'd
Its threats were minded and believ'd,
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

## *CRAZY SAMUEL.*

1. In the city of Bristol lived a crazy person whose name was Samuel Whenever he went

out he always put three or four wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms.

2. Though he had unfortunately lost his senses, yet he was not mischievous, unless wicked boys played tricks with him, and put him in a passion.

3. Whenever he appeared in the streets, all the idle boys would surround him, crying, "Samuel! Samuel! how do you sell your wigs and your muffs?" Some boys were of such mischievous dispositions as to throw dirt and stones at him.

4. Though the unfortunate man generally bore all this treatment very quietly, yet he would sometimes turn about in his own defence and throw among the rabble that followed him any thing that came in his way.

5. A contest of this nature happened one day near the house of Mr. Denton, who hearing a noise in the street, went to the window, and with much regret, saw his son Joseph concerned in the fray. Displeased at the sight, he shut down the sash and went into another room.

6. When they were at dinner, Mr. Denton asked his son, who the man was, with whom he and the other boys in the street, seemed to be so pleasingly engaged. Joseph said it was the crazy man, whom they called Samuel.

7. On his father's asking him what had occasioned that misfortune, he replied, that it was said to be in consequence of the loss of a large estate by an unjust law-suit.

8. "Had this man been known to you, (said

Mr. Denton) at the time when he was cheated out of his estate; and had he told you that he had just lost a large inheritance, which he had long peaceably enjoyed; that all his property was expended in supporting the cause, and that he had now nothing upon earth left; do you think you should have laughed at this poor man?"

9. Joseph with some confusion replied, that he certainly should not have been so wicked as to laugh at the misfortunes of any man; but should rather endeavour to comfort him.

10. "This man, (said Mr. Denton) is more to be pitied now than he was then, since to the loss of his fortune is added the loss of his senses also; and yet you have this day been throwing stones at this poor man, and otherwise insulting him, who never gave you any cause."

11. Joseph seemed very sorry for what he had done, asked his Papa's pardon, and promised not only never to do the like again, but to prevent others, as much as lay in his power, from committing the same crime.

12. His father told him, that as to his forgiveness, he freely granted it, but that there was another besides him, whose forgiveness was more necessary. Little Joseph, thinking that his father meant poor Samuel, said that he would ask his forgiveness too; but Mr. Denton explained the matter to him.

13. "Had Samuel retained his senses (said he) it would be certainly just, that you should ask his pardon; but as his disordered mind

will not permit him to receive any apologies, it would be useless to attempt to make any.

14. "It is not Samuel, but God whom you have offended. You have not shown compassion to poor Samuel, but by your unprovoked insults, have added to his misfortunes. Can you think God will be pleased with such conduct?"

15. Joseph now plainly perceived whom he had offended, and therefore promised to ask pardon of God in his prayers. He kept his word and not only forebore troubling Samuel, for several weeks afterwards, but endeavoured to persuade all his companions from doing the like.

16. The resolutions of young people, however, are not always to be depended on. So it happened with little Joseph, who, forgetting the promises he had made, one day happened to mix with the rabble of boys, who were following and hooting, and playing many naughty tricks with the unfortunate Samuel. And the more he mixed among them the more he forgot himself, and at last became as bad as the worst of them.

17. Samuel's patience, however, being at length tired out by the rude behaviour of the wicked boys that pursued him, he suddenly turned about, and picking up a large stone, threw it at little Joseph with such violence, that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear.

18. Poor Joseph, on feeling the smart occasioned by the blow, and finding the blood trickling down his cheek at a great rate, ran home roaring most terribly. Mr. Denton, however,

showed him no pity, telling him it was the just judgment of God for his wickedness.

19. Joseph attempted to justify himself by saying, that he was not the only one who was guilty, and therefore ought not to be the only one that was punished. His father replied that as he knew better than the other boys, his crime was the greater.

20. It is indeed but justice, that a child who knows the commands of God and his parents, should be doubly punished, whenever he so far forgets his duty as to run headlong into wickedness.

21. Remember this my young readers, and instead of adding to the afflictions of others, do all that you can to alleviate them, and God will then undoubtedly have compassion on you, whenever your wants and distresses shall require his assistance.

## *ARTHUR AND ADRIAN; OR TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.*

1. Adrian had frequently heard his father say, that children have but little knowledge, with respect to what is most proper for them; and that the greatest proof they could give of their wisdom, would be in following the advice of people, who have more age and experience than themselves. But this was a kind of doctrine Adrian did not understand, or at least would not, and therefore it is no wonder that he forgot it.

2. This wise and good father had allotted him and his brother Arthur a convenient piece of ground in order that each might be possessed of a little garden, and display his knowledge and industry in the cultivation of it.

3. They had also leave to sow whatever seeds they should think proper, and to transplant any tree they liked out of their father's garden into their own.

4. Arthur remembered those words of his father, which his brother Adrian had forgotten, and therefore went to consult their gardener Rufus. "Pray tell me (said he) what is now in season to sow in my garden, and in what manner I am to set about my business?"

5. The gardener hereupon gave him several roots and seeds such as were most proper for the season. Arthur instantly ran, and put them into the ground, and Rufus, very kindly, not only assisted him in the work, but made him acquainted with many things very necessary to be known.

6. Adrian, on the other hand, shrugged up his shoulders at his brother's industry, thinking he was taking much more pains than was necessary. Rufus not knowing his disposition, offered him likewise his assistance and instruction, but he refused it in a manner that clearly discover er his vanity and ignorance.

7. He then went into his father's garden, and took from thence a quantity of flowers, which he immediately transplanted into his own. The gardener took no notice of him, but left him to do as he pleased

8. When Adrian visited his garden, the next morning, all the flowers which he had planted, hung their heads, like so many mourners, and, as he plainly saw, were in a dying state. He replaced them with others, from his father's garden; but, on visiting them the next morning, he found them perishing like the former.

9. This was a matter of great vexation to Adrian, who consequently soon became disgusted with this kind of business, and gave it up as an unprofitable gain. Hence his piece of ground soon became a wilderness of weeds and thistles.

10. As he was looking into his brother's garden about the middle of summer, he saw something of a red colour hanging near the ground, which, on examination, he found to be strawberries of a delicious flavour. "Ah! (said he) I should have planted strawberries in my garden."

11. Some time afterwards as he was walking again in his brother's garden, he saw little berries of a milk white colour, which hung down in clusters from the branches of a bush. Upon examination, he found they were currants, which even the sight of was a feast. "Ah! (said he) I should have planted currants in my garden."

12. The gardener then observed to him that it was his own fault that his garden was not as productive as his brother's.—"Never for the future, (said Rufus,) despise the instruction and assistance of any one, since you will find by experience, that *two heads are better than one.*"

## *DISSIPATION THE CERTAIN ROAD TO RUIN.*

1. A young man whose name was Humphries, was a bad contriver, but an excellent workman. Nothing ran in his head so much as the wish to become a master, but he had not money enough to gratify that wish.

2. A merchant, however, who was well acquainted with his industry, lent him an hundred pounds, in order that he might open shop in a proper manner. It will from hence naturally follow that Humphries thought himself one of the happiest men in the world. He supposed his warehouse already filled with goods, he reckoned how many customers would croud to buy them, and what would be his profits thereon.

3. In the midst of these extravagant flights of fancy, he perceived an alehouse. "Come, (said he on entering it,) I will indulge myself with spending one six-pence of this money.

4. He hesitated, however, some few moments, about calling for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him, that his time for enjoyment ought to be at some distance, and not till he had paid his friend the money he had borrowed; that it would not be honest in him, at present, to spend a farthing of that money but in absolute necessaries.

5. With these just ideas, he was nearly leaving the alehouse; but thinking, on the other hand, that if he spent a six-pence of this money, he should still have an hundred pounds all but

that six-pence; that such a sum was fully sufficient to set him up in trade; and that a single half hour's industry would amply make amends for such a trifling pleasure; he turned back and called for his punch.

6. The first glass banished all his former qualms, little thinking, that such a conduct would, by insensible degrees, open the way to ruin. The next day he recollected the pleasures of the former glass, and found it easy to reconcile his conscience to the spending of another six-pence. He knew he should still have an hundred pounds left all but one shilling.

7. The love of liquor had, at last, completely conquered him, and every succeeding day he constantly returned to his favorite alehouse, and gradually increased his quantity, till he spent two shillings and six-pence, at each sitting Here he seemed to make a stand, and every time he went, he consoled himself with saying, that he was spending only half a crown, and that he need not fear but that he should have enough to carry on his trade.

8. By this delusive way of reasoning, he silenced the prudent whispers of conscience, which would sometimes, in spite even of liquor, break in upon him, and remind him, that the proper use of money consisted in prudently applying every part of it to advantageous purposes.

9. Thus you see how the human mind is led into destructive extravagances. Industry had no longer any charms to allurd him, being blindly persuaded, that the money he had borrowed

would prove an inexhaustible resource for all his extravagance.

10. He was, however, at last convinced, and his conviction suddenly fell upon him like a clap of thunder, that he could not recover the effects of his dissipation, and that his generous benefactor would have little inclination to lend another hundred pounds to a man, who had so shamefully abused his kindness in the first instance.

11. Entirely overcome with shame and confusion, he gave himself up to hard drinking, which only served to accelerate his ruin. At last the fatal moment arrived, when quite disgusted with the thought of industry, and becoming an object of horror to himself, life grew insupportable, and scenes of poverty, desolation and remorse, presented themselves to his mind.

12. Overtaken by despair he fled from his country, and joined a gang of smugglers, which at that time infested every town and village on the coast. Heaven, however, did not permit such iniquities to have a long reign; for a disgraceful death soon put a period to the existence of this unhappy wretch.

13. Alas! had he listened to the first dictates of reason, and been wrought upon by the reproaches of his conscience, he might have been easy and happy in his situation, and have comfortably enjoyed the repose of a reputable old age, instead of coming to that deplorable end which is the certain reward of vice and folly.

## *THE COVETOUS BOY.*

1. Young Samuel was the only son of a capital merchant, and was tenderly beloved by his father. He had many agreeable qualities, his countenance was pleasing, and his friends would have been very fond of him, if he had not shown, upon every occasion, a covetous propensity, that eclipsed all his accomplishments.

2. This disposition made him wish for every thing which he saw others possessed of, and even carried him to so great a length, that he would not share among his playmates any thing he had, or even let them see it.

3. It was with little Samuel, as it generally is with every body else, that he lost more than he gained by his avarice. If any body gave him any sweetmeats, he would get into some private corner of the house, and there swallow them, for fear some of his acquaintances should want part of them.

4. His father, in order to cure him of this greedy disposition, used while he was feasting in private, to give a double portion to his companions. He perceived this, and therefore left off hiding himself; but he no sooner fixed his eyes on any nicety, than he appeared ready to devour it at once, and pursued the hand of those that held it, as a vulture does its prey.

5. If Samuel had a pleasing toy of any kind, he would never show it, but conceal himself in the enjoyment of it, without ever being happy.

6. If he had any sort of fruit, he would not

share it with his playmates, but devour it in private, even refusing to impart any of it to his best friend. Consequently, none of his playmates would ever give him a part of what they had, and seemed always desirous of shunning his company.

7. It one day happened, that a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and gave him, by surprise, a knock on the elbow, which made him let the apple fall. However, he picked it up hastily, and in order to revenge himself on the boy, set off to catch him; but in running, he fell into a hog-pond, and had like to have been suffocated in the filth.

8. He exerted all his power to get out, but to no effect. He endeavoured also, but without succeeding, to prevail on his playmates to take hold on his hand and help him out. Instead of assisting him, they laughed at his distress, and joyfully danced about the pond.

9. They told him to ask the assistance of those, to whom he had ever done the least kindness: but among all his playmates, there was not one whose help he could demand on that score. At last, one of the boys who took pity on him, came forward, and gave him his hand, when he safely got out.

10. Samuel shook off the mud as well as he could, and then to show his gratitude to the little boy who had assisted him, he bit off about a quarter of the apple, which had caused this disaster, which he had never let go of, and desired him to accept of it.

11. But the boy disgusted with so pitiful a

gift, took the morsel and flung it in his face; and this served as a signal for all the boys to hoot at him. Thus they pursued Samuel quite home, hooting at him all the way he went.

12. This was the first time he had ever been hooted at, and as he did not want for feeling, it threw him into the depth of thought. He kept out of his father's presence, and sought to be alone, for several days.

13. During this time, he reasoned with himself on the cause that could produce such treatment from his play-fellows. "For what reason, (said he to himself,) could my little neighbour, who kindly lent me his hand to get out of the pond, throw the apple in my face, and set all the boys to hooting me? Why has he so many good friends, while I have not a single one?

14. On comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own, he soon discovered the reason. To become sensible of our errors is half the work of reformation. He recollected, that he had observed his friend to be always ready to help every one: that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he seemed to feel more pleasure in sharing it with his companions, than in eating it himself; and had no kind of amusement, in which he did not wish every one to bear a part.

15. On this short review of circumstances, he plainly perceived wherein lay the difference between himself and this little good boy. He at last resolved to imitate him: and the next day, filling his pockets with fruit, he ran up to every boy he met, and gave him a part of it; but he

could not, on a sudden, wholly give up *self*, but must have a little in his pocket to eat at home in private.

16. But though it was evident, that he had not yet completely conquered his avarice, yet he was not a little pleased with the advances he had made, since his companions were now, on their part, more generous to him.

17. They also showed themselves much more satisfied with his company, and admitted him a partner, in all their little pastimes. They divided with him whatever they happened to have, and he always went home pleased and satisfied.

18. Soon after, he made a still greater progress in conquering his selfish disposition; for he pulled out of his pocket every thing which he had, and divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, reserving only an equal part for himself.

19. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the boys, that his own share was the least. And by pursuing this conduct, he soon acquired a generous habit, and became liberal to those who had nothing to give in return.

20. He consequently acquired the love and esteem of his companions, who no sooner saw him than they ran to meet him, with joyful countenances, and made his pleasure their own. Thus, instead of being miserable and wretched through avarice, he became very happy in the practice of generosity.

21. His father was exceedingly pleased with this change, and tenderly embraced him, promising to refuse him nothing in future, which

might add to his pleasure and delight. Samuel hereby learned the value of a generous and benevolent disposition; and when he grew up, he became a very respectable and useful man, and was honoured and beloved by all his acquaintance.

## THE SNOW.

1. After many deceitful promises of its return, spring at length arrived. A gentle breeze warmed the air. The snow was seen to melt, the fields to resume their verdure, and the flowers to bud forth. The singing of birds was heard on every side.

2. Little Louisa had heard the first songs of the black-bird and the linnet, and had gathered some of the earliest violets. But the weather changed once more. There arose suddenly a violent north wind, that whistled through the groves, and covered the fields with snow.

3. Little Louisa went to bed that night shivering with cold, and blessed God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the air. Ah! what a sight! when she arose the next morning. Every thing was perfectly white. There had fallen during the night, so great a quantity of snow, that it was knee deep in the roads.

4. This made Louisa very dull. The little birds appeared still more so. The ground being every where covered to a great depth, they

were not able to find the least grain or worm to appease their hunger.

5. All the feathered inhabitants of the groves took refuge in the towns and villages, to seek relief from man. Numerous flights of sparrows, linnets, chaffinches, and larks, alighted in the streets and court-yards of houses, and scratched with their claws and bills, in every heap of rubbish, to find, if possible, some nourishment.

6. There came near fifty of these guests into the yard of the house where Louisa lived. She saw them, and returned quite afflicted into her father's chamber.

7. What is the matter, my dear? said he Ah! Papa, answered she, there they are, all in the yard. The poor little birds that sung so sweetly only two days ago. They seem to be almost frozen and starved, and to ask for something to eat.

8. Will you give them a little corn? With the greatest pleasure, said the father. The barn was on the other side of the way. Thither she ran to get a few handfuls of corn and hemp seed, and came immediately back to scatter it in the yard.

9. The little birds approached, fluttering about her, in great numbers, and picking up every grain. Louisa amused herself in looking at them, and was quite delighted with the sight. She went to ask her papa and mamma to come and view them also, and to partake of her satisfaction.

10. But these handfuls of grain were soon picked up. The birds then flew up to the top

of the house and seemed to eye Louisa wishfully, as if they would have said, "Hast thou any thing more to give us?" Louisa understood the language. She flew to the barn to seek more grain.

11. In crossing the way, she met a little boy who had not a heart so compassionate as hers. He was carrying in his hand a cage full of birds, and was shaking it so carelessly that the poor little creatures were thrown with their heads every moment against the wires.

12. This sight gave Louisa pain. "What are you going to do with those birds?" said she to the little boy. "I do not know," answered he. "I am trying to sell them, and if nobody will buy them, I will feast my cat upon them at home."

13. "Your cat?" replied Louisa: "your cat? Oh! what an ill-natured boy." "As to that they would not be the first that she has munched alive," said he. So dangling his cage as before, he was setting off, at a great pace, when Louisa called him back, and asked him how much he would have for his birds.

14. "I will sell them, said he, for six cents, and there are ten of them!" Well, then, said Louisa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy follow her, she ran to her papa, and asked his permission to purchase those birds. Her father granted it with pleasure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little guests.

15. Jack (for that was the name of the ill-natured boy,) went away very well satisfied with

his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miss, who would buy birds.

16. In a few hours, there came so many little boys to Louisa's door, that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crowded around her, climbing upon each other, and holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds.

17. Louisa bought all that were brought before her, and had them carried into a chamber, where the first were. Night came. It was a long time since Louisa had gone to bed so well pleased in her mind. Am not I happy, said she, to herself, being able to save the lives of so many innocent creatures, and to give them food?

18. When summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little guests will sing their sweetest songs to thank me, for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflection she went to sleep, and dreamed that she was in a grove of finest verdure, which was full of birds chirping as they fluttered from bough to bough, engaged in feeding their young ones.

19. The happy Louisa smiled in her sleep She rose very early to go and feed her little friends, in the aviary, and in the yard; but she was not so happy as she had been the day before. She knew how much money she had put into her purse and that there could not remain much of it, by this time.

20. If this snowy weather should last some days longer, said she, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them alive, as they are, to their cats! and for the want

of a small sum of money, I shall not be able to redeem them.

21. Full of these sorrowful ideas, she draws out her purse slowly, in order to count her little treasure once more; but how great was her astonishment to find her purse heavy! She opens it and finds it full of every sort of money, up to the very strings.

22. She runs immediately to her father and relates the incident to him, with transports of pleasure and surprise. Her father took her to his bosom, kissed her, and shed tears of joy upon the cheeks of Louisa.

23. My dear child, said he, thou hast never made me so happy, as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that thou shalt see in distress, and in proportion as thy purse diminisheth, thou shalt find it filled again.

24. What joyful news for Louisa! She ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron full of hemp seed and corn. All the birds came fluttering about her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfast. After feeding them, she went down to the yard, and bestowed a plentiful meal upon the famished birds that were there. She saw herself now engaged in the support of almost an hundred dependants.

25. This afforded her such a pleasure! her dolls and play things had never given her half so much. In the afternoon, as she was putting her hand into a bag of hemp seed, she found a note with these words: "The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou giv-

est them food; Thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

26. She turned to her father, who had followed her, and said, Am I therefore now like the Almighty Parent? The inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I open my hand I fill them with plenty.

27. Yes, my dear, said her father, every time thou dost good to any creature, thou art like God. When grown up, thou shalt assist thy fellow creatures as thou now dost the birds, and thou shalt then resemble thy Creator much more. Ah, what a happiness for a mortal to be able to act thus.

28. During a week Louisa continued to extend her bounty, and feed every thing that was hungry about her. At length the snow melted, and the fields resumed their verdure, and the birds, which had before not dared to quit the neighbourhood of the houses, now turned their flight towards the grove.

29. But those that had been put in the chamber, remained there confined; they saw the sun, flew up against the window, and pecked at the glass, but in vain; their prison was too strong for them.

30. Louisa could not as yet imagine what made them so uneasy. One day, as she was carrying them their food, her father entered a few moments after her. She was very happy to see that he was desirous of being witness to her pleasure.

31. My dear Louisa, said he, why do these birds appears so uneasy? I should imagine that

they wanted something. May not they, perhaps, have left in the fields companions, whom they would be glad to see again? You are certainly right, papa; they have appeared to be dull ever since the return of the fine weather. I will go and open the window, and let them fly away.

32. I think thou wouldst not do amiss, replied her father. Thou wilt diffuse joy through the whole country. These little prisoners will go to find their friends once more, and will fly to meet them as thou dost to meet me, when I have been absent some time from home.

33. Before he had finished speaking, the windows were all thrown up; the birds perceived it, and in two minutes, there did not remain a single one of them in the room. Some were seen to skim along the ground; others to soar up into the air; some to perch upon the neighbouring trees; and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows, with chirpings of joy.

34. Louisa went every day to walk in the fields. She saw and heard numbers of birds, on every side. At one time, a lark would raise up before her feet, and sing its sprightly strain, while it mounted to the clouds. At another time, a linnet perched upon the highest branches of a tree chirped forth its song.

35. And whenever she observed any one distinguish itself, by the sweetness of its music, Louisa would say, There is one of my little guests; one may know by its voice, that it was well fed, last winter.

## *CHARLOTTE.*

1. Before the house that Charlotte's parents lived in, you must know there was a little opening, ornamented with a grass plot, and quite overshadowed with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road.

2. Miss Charlotte frequently would come beneath this umbrage with her little chair, and in her hand the stocking she was making for her dear mamma, who had instructed her to knit. One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man advancing very slowly towards her, on the road; his hair was of a silver white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick, and seemed to walk with pain.

3. Poor man! said Charlotte, looking at him, he seems very much in pain, and probably is poor. If so, then he is doubly miserable.

4. Further on, she saw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They remarked his thread bare coat, that was exceedingly long skirted, and had sleeves much too short. His hat, quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders: he had hollow cheeks; and seeing him they all burst out a laughing.

5. As it chanced, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, which he stumbled over, and was almost down. This set them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, sighed.

6. I was once young as you are, said he to the boys, and did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time if you live, be old yourselves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You will then be sensible of the injustice of your ridicule.

7. So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and in struggling to preserve himself from falling, lost his cane and down he went. At this the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying out, Ah! ha! old daddy; well now, now will you get up?

8. Miss Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, was touched with pity for him; and seeing his situation, she put her stocking down upon the chair, ran towards him, picked up his cane, put it back into his hand, and taking hold that moment of his other arm, as if she had been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing the boys might say.

9. The poor old man looked at her; Lovely child, said he, how good you are! I am at once consoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be forever happy! and so saying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him, as they did before, being, I suppose, a little ashamed of their conduct.

10. Some few moments after, one of them fell down himself, and all the rest burst out a laughing as they had done before; but for his part he was quite angry, and thought at first that he would seek revenge upon his compan-

ions. But upon reflection, he thought again that he was justly punished for laughing at the old man's distress, and formed a resolution, never to be so wicked again.

11. So he followed the aged person whom he had abused, though at a distance, hoping he might have some opportunity of making atonement for his fault.

12. In the mean time, the good old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, now went on with slow, but yet with sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to repose himself a little. Do you see our house? said she, pray stay and sit a little under that large tree; my parents are neither of them at home, but you will not, on that account, be worse received.

13. The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. She brought him out a chair, and then to hearten up his spirits, let him have some good small beer, and bread and cheese. The child had nothing else to give.

14. Her guest could not refrain from thanking her continually. You have still got parents, said he. They love you; you love them. They cannot therefore but be very happy; and may they always be so!

15. And you, good old man, said Charlotte, have not you got children? I had once a son, said he; he lived in the city, affectionately loved and often came to see me: but alas! he is now dead, and I am left with no one to comfort me.

16. His widow, indeed is rich; but she takes it upon her to be a lady, and imagines it not

worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget that her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine.

17. He was so much affected while he spake these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks. The gentle Charlotte likewise was affected, and cried out, Can any one be half so cruel! Ah! my mother, my dear mother would not act so wickedly. She then spake of other matters that she might not grieve him.

18. When he arose to go away, he gave Charlotte his blessing; but she would not leave him yet; she meant to go a little way farther with him.

19. On the way they saw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and now was sitting on the grass. He cast his eyes down when they looked upon him, got up after they had passed, and followed them again.

20. The little girl observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man if he lived alone. No, little lady, answered he, I have a cottage. See, 'tis there, beside yon tree, across the meadow. You observe 'tis no great distance off 'Tis in the middle of a little garden.

21. I nave an orchard, and a field likewise, and I told a poor old neighbour, who a few years since, lost his cottage, which fell down through age, that if he would come and live with me, he should in future cultivate my grounds.

22. I told him I would live with him; that he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me necessaries. He agreed. He never had a child. He is extremely good and honest; and for the most part, I am quite at ease in his society.

23. Yet, in spite of all his diligence, at times I think myself deserted. I no longer see my son, from whom I was accustomed to receive the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place, where I have seen him run up towards me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers.

24. I never see his children, who have utterly forgotten me. I shall live far distant from them. I shall die, and very likely never see them more. Alas! if their poor father were but living still!—He could not utter one word more.

25. The gentle Charlotte, touched with these complaints, said to him, I will come and see you, with my mother. We will frequently visit you.

26. But her kindness only served to aggravate his grief. It made him recollect, how much consolation he was utterly deprived of; and in returning her his thanks, the tears he could not keep from shedding, hindered him from seeing where he walked.

27. He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it into his pocket, he let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did; nor did his young companion notice it.

28. The boy, however, that kept following them, observed the mistake, picked it up, and ran to give it him. Here, good old man, said he, you dropped your handkerchief: 'twas on the ground.

29. Thank you, thank you heartily, my little friend, answered the old man. God's providence be praised for all things! Here's an honest little gentleman, that does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the infirmities that attend it. Oh no, no, you do not look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number of those wicked little fellows, whom you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them.

30. Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing, just as they did, but she would not say a word about it; although she did not in the least approve of the boy's behaviour, yet she did not like to give him pain by telling what she knew.

31. The little culprit, in the mean time, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once, to conceal his fault. But then he thought again, that by so doing he should only add sin to sin: so he looked up to the old man, and said, Pardon me, Sir, I was among them, and insulted you with the rest; but am now extremely sorry for it.

32. I find that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am much more wicked than when I am alone. Had I been but by myself, I should never have laughed at those false steps you made; but on the other hand, my first

desire would certainly have been to help you. I should now be very happy to assist you if I could, and in that way make amends for my offence.

33. You have already done so, my good little friend, said he, you have a deal of candor, and good nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come therefore, both of you to my abode. 'Tis just before us; a few steps and we shall then be there. Such as I have I will provide for you.

34. At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have been glad to have excused herself, but did not, from fear of grieving him. They reached the habitation. He set before them some milk, two porringers, a loaf of bread, a little coarse, it must be owned, but very good.

35. They all sat down and made a comfortable meal. What pleasure you both give me, said the old man. Yes, truly, I am very happy to have found out two good little friends, that do not scorn the poor and infirm. My sleep to night will be the sweeter for it.

36. After some time, this little boy and girl began to think of returning. Charlotte feared her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little boy was afraid that his mother would scold at him, as he said, if he staid any longer.

37. This mother, you are so afraid of, must then be very cross, said the old man. Not always, said the little boy. She is however,

sometimes so, and though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly.

38. And your father?—Oh, I scarce knew him: he has been dead these four years.—These four years! interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child—Should it be he! I have some recollection of his features.—Should it be the little Francis!—Yes, yes; Francis is my name.

39. The old man stood for some moments motionless, and with an altered voice, his eyes brimful of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, My dear child! you do not then recollect your grandfather.—Come and embrace me.—You have got the very features of my son. My dearest child, you were not thinking of me.

40. Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavoured all in vain to speak. The little Charlotte, too, shed tears of joy to see the old man comforted.

41. I see him, I see him, said the old man; he is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son. My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me too. I shall not be so wretched as I thought for, in old age, nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace.

42. But I forgot, that by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother's displeasure. I was so much pleased, that I forgot the circumstance.—Depart, then, my dear boy, I do not wish that my joy should cost you tears. Depart, and love your mother; be obedient to her, even

though you should not come to see me. 'Twill be very hard, however, should you quit me now forever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you do not disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission.

43. Turning then to Charlotte: As for you, dear little maid, said he, I am convinced you ought to leave me, as your parents will be certainly uneasy, should you stay. I owe you all this joy, and shall forever bless you. Come, at times, and see me.—Do not, I beseech you, my dear children, utterly forget me. May you both be happy.

44. At these words, the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand; but every now and then they looked behind them, while the old man on his part, kept looking constantly at them, and did not turn to go in doors till they were out of sight.

45. The little Charlotte got home safe. Her parents were not returned yet, but did not stay out long. She told them whither she had been, and what, too, she had seen. It was the subject of their evening's conversation.

46. On the morrow they all went to see the good old man; and in the sequel, frequently repeated their kind visits. Francis, likewise, came often to see his grandfather, who was much delighted with his company, conversation, and affectionate behaviour; while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not see his Charlotte; he was then quite sorrowful, and went home sad.

47. The more he grew towards manhood, still the more he loved her; and when he was old enough to take him a wife, he would espouse no other, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in peace.

## *THE THREE LITTLE FISHES.*

1. When Harry was quite a small boy he seemed to be very well contented and satisfied with what he knew and possessed: but as soon as his ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge.

2. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse. And at the close of a serene summer's evening, while he and his father walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon were made of.

3. In order to check these unreasonable desires, his father addressed him in the following manner.—I will tell you a story, my Harry.

4. On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river; and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw.

5. Now the great God took a wonderful liking to these pretty silver trouts, and he let

them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion for.

6. But two of them grew sad and discontented; and the one wished for this thing, and the other for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had, because they were always longing for something that they had not.

7. Now Harry, you must know, that all this was very naughty, in those two little trouts; for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fittest for them; and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good; but instead of thanking him for all his care and kindness, they blamed him, in their own minds, for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon.

8. In short, there was no end of their wishing, and longing, and quarreling in their hearts, for this thing and the other.

9. At last the great God was so provoked with them, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness by granting their desires, and to make the folly of these two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the world. For this purpose, he called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished.

10. Now, the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set above all other little fishes. "May it please your greatness, said he, I must be free to tell you, that I do not, at all, like the way in which you have placed me.

11. "Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down in the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not so blind, for all, but that I can see well enough, how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others.

12. "There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way, and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings, also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you."

13. No sooner asked, than it was granted. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn upon all the fishes in the world.

14. He now resolved to travel, and take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers, and meadows, and woods, and mountains; till growing faint with hunger and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

15. The little fool did not consider that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment.

16. So when he came down, he happened to

alight among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink, and so there he lay, faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

17. Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high minded as the first, yet did not want for conceit enough; and he was, moreover, a narrow hearted and selfish little trout, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world.

18. So says he to God: "May it please your Majesty, I dont wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I dont know what may become of me.

19. "I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I dont know how, about the gills of a little fish, that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling, and working, in great pain, till he was carried I know not where quite out of sight.

20. "So I thought in my own mind, that this evil sometime or other, might happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since.

21. "Now, all that I desire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us, poor little mortal fishes: for then I

should have sense enough to take care of my own safety; and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

22. No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding, and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

23. At first he greatly rejoiced in his knowledge, and said to himself, "Now, surely, I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for as I understand, and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, I am sure I love myself too well, not to keep out of harm's way."

24. From this time forward, he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike, or some other huge fish might be there, who would make nothing of swallowing him up at one gulp. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in.

25. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, "Aha! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets;" and immediately he got on one side, and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin, till the cloud was past.

26. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be;—"No, no," said he to them, "my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to, neither; go your ways, and tempt

those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook, that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts, that are not on their guard."

27. Thus this over careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or lest he should be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder; for he pined away with hunger, and sighed himself to skin and bone; till wasted almost to nothing, with care and melancholy, through fear of dying, he at last died the most miserable of all deaths.

28. Now when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for: "Alas!" said this darling little trout, "you know, may it please your worship, that I am but a very foolish and good for nothing little fish; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me, or what is bad for me: and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me.

29. But if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best; and that I should be pleased to live and die, even just as you would have me.

30. Now, as soon as this precious trout had made this prayer, in his good and humble little heart, God took such a liking and love to him, as the like was never known. And God found it in his own heart that he could not but take

great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to his love and good pleasure.

31. And God went wheresoever he went, and was always with him, and about him, and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart: and so this little trout slept always in peace, and waked in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes, that ever swam in any water.

32. Harry, at the close of this fable, looked down, and grew thoughtful, and his father left him to ruminate on what he had heard. The next day he requested his father to repeat the story of the three little silver trouts.

33. When he had ended, "Dadda," says he, "I believe I begin to guess a little at what you mean. You would not have me wish for any thing, but leave every thing to God: and I hope that I shall never forget the instruction contained in your pretty story.

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## *ALFRED AND DORINDA.*

1. On a fine summer's day, Mr. Vernon had promised to go a walking with his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, in a very fine garden, a little way out of town. He went up to his dressing room to prepare himself, and the children remained in the parlour.

2. Alfred, delighted with the pleasures that he promised himself in his walk, jumping and running carelessly to and fro in the room, happened to brush the skirts of his coat against a very valuable flower that his father was rearing with great pains, and which he had unfortunately just brought in from before the window, in order to preserve it from the heat of the sun.

3. O brother! what have you done! said Dorinda, taking up the flower, which was broken off from the stalk. She was holding it still in her hand, when her father, who had finished dressing himself, entered the parlour.

4. How, Dorinda, said Mr. Vernon, in an angry tone, do you pluck a flower which you have seen me take so much pains to rear, in order to have seed from it?

5. Dear Papa, answered Dorinda, trembling, pray do not be angry! I am not angry, replied Mr. Vernon, growing more calm; but as you may take a fancy to pluck flowers in the garden that I am going to, and which does not belong to me, you will not take it amiss that I leave you at home.

6. Dorinda looked down and held her tongue. Alfred could not keep silence any longer. He approached his father with tears in his eyes, and said, it was not my sister, Papa; it was I that broke off the flower: so it is I that must stay at home. Take my sister along with you.

6. Mr. Vernon, touched with the ingenuous behaviour of the children, and their affection for each other, kissed them, and said; you are both dear to me, and you shall both go with me.

8. Alfred and Dorinda leaped for joy. They went therefore to walk in the garden, where they saw plants of the most curious kinds. Mr. Vernon with pleasure observed Dorinda press her clothes on each side, and Alfred take up the skirts of his coat under his arms, for fear of doing any damage, as they walked among the flowers.

9. The flower that he had lost would, without doubt, have given him great pleasure; but he enjoyed much more in seeing mutual affection, candour, and prudence, flourish in his children.

## *THE FROWARD LITTLE GIRL.*

1. O ye children, who have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit; it is for your reformation and encouragement, that I tell the following story; in which you will see that amendment is easy, when one forms a sincere and courageous resolution.

2. Rosalind, until her seventh year, was the joy of her parents. At that age, when the dawning light of reason ought to discover to us the ugliness of our faults, she on the contrary, had contracted a habit, which cannot be better described to you, than by the example of those snarling curs that growl incessantly, and seem always ready to run at your legs and bite them.

3. If any one, by chance, touched her play things, she would give that person a side-look,

and a grumble between her teeth, for a quarter of an hour. If any one chid her, though ever so gently, she would start up, and stamp with her feet, and throw the chairs about the room, like a mad creature.

4. Neither her father, nor her mother, nor any of the family could endure her. It is true, she sometimes repented of her faults. Nay, she often shed tears, in private, on seeing herself become every body's aversion. But she soon returned to her old habit, and instead of reforming, her temper became more and more cross every day.

5. One evening, (it was New Year's eve) she saw her mother go towards her room, with a small basket under her cloak. Rosalind would have followed her, but Mrs. Faulkener ordered her to go back to the parlour. Upon which she put on the sullenest face that she ever showed, and clapped the door to so violently, that she made all the windows rattle.

6. Half an hour after, her mother sent for her. What was her surprize, on seeing the room lighted up with twenty candles, and the table covered with the most elegant toys. She could not utter a word, transported as she was with joy and admiration.

7. Come hither, Rosalind, said her mother, and read on this paper for whom these fine things are intended. Rosalind went to the table, and saw among the toys a slip of paper, on which she read the following words written in large letters :—FOR AN AMIABLE LITTLE GIRL, IN RETURN FOR HER GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

8. She looked down, and did not say a word. Well, Rosalind, said her mother, for whom are these intended? Not for me, said Rosalind, with tears in her eyes.

9. Here is another paper, said Mrs. Faulkener; see if that does not concern you. Rosalind took it and read FOR A FROWARD LITTLE GIRL, WHO IS SENSIBLE OF HER FAULTS, AND ON THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR WILL TAKE PAINS TO AMEND THEM. Oh! that is I, that is I, said she, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly.

10. Mrs. Faulkener also shed tears, partly for sorrow of her daughter's faults, and partly for joy at the repentance she showed. Come, said she, after a moment's silence, take what is intended for you, and may GOD, who has heard your resolution, give you fortitude to execute it.

11. No, mamma, said Rosalind, the whole belongs to the person on the first paper. Keep it for me until I am like her; you can tell me when I am so. This answer gave Mrs. Faulkener much pleasure; she therefore put all the toys into a drawer, and giving the key to Rosalind, said, There my child, you shall open the drawer, when you yourself shall think it the proper time.

12. Near six weeks passed without the least instance of ill humour from Rosalind. She then came to her mother, and in a very modest and humble manner, asked, May I open the drawer now mamma? Yes, my dear, you may, answered Mrs. Faulkener, clasping her tenderly in her

arms. But pray tell me how you have managed to get the better of your temper so?

13. I studied it continually, replied Rosalind, it cost me some trouble at first, but every morning and evening, and a hundred times in the day, I prayed to God to assist me in my work. Mrs. Faulkener shed the most delicious tears; and Rosalind became mistress of the toys, and soon after of the affections of all her friends.

14. Her mother related this happy change, in the presence of another little miss, who had the same fault; and she was so struck with it, that she immediately formed the resolution of imitating Rosalind, in order to become amiable like her.

15. Her endeavours were attended with the like success; and thus, Rosalind was not only happy herself, but rendered those also happy who chose to profit by her example. And now, what child is there, that would not wish to enjoy the same honour and happiness.

## *PHILIP.*

1. Oh! I'll be revenged and make him heartily repent it, cried little Philip, while his countenance turned suddenly quite red with anger. His dearest friend, Stephen, who happened to be near him at that instant, overheard him talking to himself in this manner. He then came up to him, and said, Pray, my friend, who is it, that you design to be revenged on?

2. Philip lifting up his eyes, saw his friend, and his countenance re-assumed the smile of joy, which it usually expressed. Ah! said he, come with me my friend, and you shall see whom I will be revenged on!

3. You remember, I believe, my little *supple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: see, 'tis all in pieces, and young Robinson, the farmer's son, that lives at yonder cottage, has broke it. And pray why, said Stephen, did he break it?

4. I was walking peaceably along, said Philip, with my cane, which I was doubling around my body, as you have seen me do; one of the ends, by some means or other, got out of my hand, when I was just opposite the gate, by the wooden bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, and overset, but did not break it.

5. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but laid hold that moment of my *supple Jack*, and twisted it as you see. But I'll make him heartily repent it, I warrant him.

6. He is, indeed, a very bad boy, said Stephen, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes for a little play, he can never procure a play-fellow. If he comes where any boys are met for diversion, they always thrust him out;

or if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred with which he is looked upon, cannot but sufficiently revenge you.

7. Yes; but he has broke my cane, said Philip. My papa but very lately gave it to me; and you know what a fine one it was. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher again, as I had undesignedly knocked it down. But nothing but mischief would satisfy him. I am resolved, therefore, to be revenged.

8. Believe me, my dear friend, said Stephen, it will be far better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such an one You are not such as he is; and depend upon it, he will show himself abler, at all times, to do mischief than yourself. And now I think of it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

9. Quite unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive Quite mad with rage, he said as you did, I will be revenged for this. Accordingly he cut a stick, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, and turned it about.

10. By this means, Robinson killed several of the little creatures; but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon him, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess he uttered piercing cries, and in his agony he rolled upon the ground.

11. His father ran up to him, and could not, without a deal of difficulty, put the bees to flight,

or flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days. You see, then, that he was no gainer by his vengeance.

12. Revenge not, therefore, his insults; he will get punishment enough, without your taking any trouble in the matter. Besides, it would be making yourself too much like him to have any thing to do with him. I advise you, therefore, to avoid him, in future, and leave him to himself.

13. I think, said Philip, you are in the right: so come along with me. I'll tell my father every thing, and I think he will not be angry with me: for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not if he should imagine that I neglected to take care of what he gave me.

14. After this they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked the little Stephen for the advice which he had given him.

15. On the succeeding day Philip had another cane exactly like the first. He had occasion to pass the farmer's house; young Robinson was at the door and hung his head while Philip went along.

16. However, Philip, some days after saw this little fellow fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, and which prevented him from getting up again.

17. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his shoulder, helped him to get up, and take

the load once more upon his shoulders. Robinson was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him, whom he had served so ill, and heartily repented of his behaviour.

13. Philip afterwards went home quite satisfied. At first he had assisted one whom he could not love, and for no other reason, but because he could not see a fellow creature suffer without aiding him. And this, said Philip, is the noblest revenge. It is impossible I should repent of it. Afterwards, young Robinson also became a very good boy, and the friend and companion of Philip and Stephen.

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## *BELLA AND MARIAN.*

1. The sun was just peeping over the eastern horizon, to enliven with his golden rays one of the most beautiful mornings of the spring, when Bella went down into the garden, with a rich cake in her hand, of which she intended to make her first meal, while she rambled through those delightful walks.

2. Her heart was filled with pleasing sensations, on surveying the beauties of the rising sun, in listening to the enlivening notes of the lark, and in breathing the sweet fragrance of the trees and flowers.

3. As she was thus employed, all on a sudden, she heard the sound of steps, and on looking around, she saw a little girl come tripping to-

wards the same walk in which she was, eating a piece of coarse brown bread with the keenest appetite.

4. This little girl was also rambling about the garden for amusement, and she saw so many things which took up her attention, that she came up close to Bella unexpectedly.

5. As soon as she saw that it was Miss Bella, she stopped short, seemed confused, and turning about, ran away as fast as she could: but Bella called to her, and asked her why she ran away. This made the little girl run the faster, and Bella endeavoured to pursue her; not being so much used to exercise, she was soon left behind.

6. Luckily, as it happened, the little stranger had turned up a path leading into that in which Bella was. Here they suddenly met, and Bella caught her by the arm, saying, "Come, I have you fast now; you are my prisoner, and cannot get away from me."

7. The poor girl was now more frightened than ever, and struggled hard for her liberty. But after some time, the sweet accents of Bella, and her assurance that she meant only to be her friend, having rather allayed her fears, she became a little more tractable, and quietly followed her into the summer house.

8. Miss Bella, having made the stranger sit down by her, asked her if she had a father living, and what was his profession. The girl told her, that thank God her father was living, and that he did any thing for an honest livelihood. She said he was then at work in the gar-

den, and had brought her with him that morning.

9. Bella then observing that the young stranger had got a piece of brown bread in her hand, desired that she would let her taste it: but she said it so scratched her throat on swallowing a bit of it, that she could eat no more, and asked the little girl why her father did not get better bread for her.

10. "Because (replied the stranger) he does not get so much money as your papa; and besides that, there are four more of us, and we all eat heartily. Sometimes one wants a frock, another a jacket, and all he can get is barely sufficient for us, without laying out hardly any thing upon himself, though he never misses a day's work, while he has it to do."

11. Upon Bella's asking her if she ever eat any plum-cake, she said she did not even know what it was; but she had no sooner put a bit into her mouth, which Miss Bella gave her, than she said she had never in her life tasted any thing so nice.

12. She then asked her what was her name; when the girl rising, and making her a low courtesy, said it was Marian. "Well then my good Marian, (said Bella) stop here a moment; I will go and ask my mamma for something for you, and will come back directly; but be sure you do not go away." Marian replied, that she was now no ways afraid of her; and that she should certainly wait her coming back.

13. Bella ran directly to her mamma, and begged she would give her some currant-jelly

for a little girl, who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. Her mamma, being highly pleased with her good nature, gave her some in a cup, and a small roll also.

14. Bella instantly ran away with it, and coming to Marian, said she hoped she had not made her wait; but begged her to put down her brown bread till another time, and eat what she had brought her.

15. Marian, after tasting the jelly, and smacking her lips, said it was very nice indeed; and asked Bella, if she eat such every day. Miss replied, that she eat those things frequently, and if she would come now and then, she would always give her some.

16. They now became very familiar together, and Miss Bella asked Marian a number of questions, such as whether she was never sick, seeing her now look so hearty, and in what manner she employed her time?

17. Marian replied, she did not know what it was to be sick: and as to her employments, in winter she went to get straw for the cow, and dry sticks to make the pot boil; in summer she went to weed the corn, and in harvest time to glean the fields and to pull hops.

18. In short, they were never at a loss for work; and she said her mother would make a sad noise, if any of her little ones should take it into their heads to be lazy.

19. Miss Bella observing that her little visitor went barefooted, which much surprised her, was induced to ask the reason of it; when Marian replied that it would be too expensive for her fa-

ther to think of finding shoes and stockings for them all, and therefore none of them had any; but they found no inconvenience from it, since time had so hardened the bottom of their feet, as to make shoes unnecessary.

20. The time having slipped away, in this kind of chit-chat, Marian told Miss Bella, that she must be going in order to gather some greens for her cow, who would want her breakfast by eight o'clock.

21. This little girl did not eat up all her roll and jelly, but saved some part of it to carry home to her youngest sister, who, she said, she was sure would be very fond of it. Bella was vastly pleased to find Marian was so tender of her sister, and desired that she would not fail to come again at the same hour the next morning.

22. Miss Bella had now, for the first time, tasted the pleasure of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, enjoying the pleasing reflection, how happy she had made Marian, how grateful that little girl had showed herself, and how pleased her sister would be to taste currant jelly, which she had never even seen before.

23. Miss Bella was thinking of the happiness which she should receive from her future bounties to her new acquaintance, when she recollected that she had some ribbands and a necklace, which her mamma had given her a little time before, but of which she now began to grow tired. Besides these, she had some other old things to give her, which, though of

no use to herself, would make Marian quite fine.

24. The next morning Marian came into the garden again, and Miss Bella was ready to receive her, with a good portion of gingerbread. Indeed, this interview was continued every morning, and Miss Bella always carried some dainties along with her. When her pocket failed her, she would beg her mamma to supply her with something out of the pantry, which she was always ready to do.

25. One day, however, it happened that Bella received an answer which gave her some uneasiness. She had been begging her mamma to advance her something on her weekly allowance, in order to buy shoes and stockings for Marian; to which her mamma gave her a flat denial, telling her, that she wished she would be a little more sparing to her favourite, for which she would give her a reason at dinner time.

26. Bella was a little surprised at this answer, and waited impatiently for the time of dinner. At length they sat down to table, and dinner was half over before her mamma said a word about Marian: but a dish of shrimps being then served up, gave her mamma an opportunity of beginning the conversation.

27. "I think, Bella, (said she) this is your favourite dish." Bella replied it was, and could not help observing, how happy she supposed poor Marian would be to taste them, who, she imagined, had never so much as seen any. With her mamma's leave she begged two of the smallest to give to that little girl.

28. Mrs. Adams, (for that was her mamma's name) seemed unwilling to grant her request, urging that she was afraid she would do her favourite more mischief than good.

29. At present, (said her mamma,) she eats her dry brown bread with an appetite, and walks bare-footed on the ground without complaining. Should you continue to feed her with dainties, and accustom her to wear shoes and stockings, what would she do, should she, by any means, lose your favour, and with it those indulgencies? She would then lament that she had ever experienced your bounty.

30. Bella hastily replied, that she meant to be a friend to her all her life, and only wished that her mamma, in order to enable her to do so, would add a little to her weekly allowance, and she would manage it with all the frugality possible.

31. Mrs. Adams, then asked her daughter, if she did not know of any other children in distress; to which Bella replied, that she knew several besides, and particularly two, in a neighbouring village, who had neither father nor mother, and who, without doubt, stood much in need of assistance.

32. Her mamma then asked her, whether it was not rather uncharitable to feed Marian with sweetmeats and dainties, while other poor children were starving with hunger. To this Bella replied, that she hoped she should have something to spare for them likewise; but, at all events, she loved Marian best.

33. However, her mamma advised her to give her sweet things seldomer, and instead of these to bestow on her something that would be of more use to her, such as an apron, or a gown. Bella immediately proposed to give her one of her frocks; but her mamma soon made her sensible of the impropriety of dressing up a village girl, without shoes or stockings, in a muslin slip.

34. "Were I in your place, (said her mamma) I would be sparing in my own expences for some time, and when I had saved a little money, I would lay it out in buying whatever was most necessary for her." Bella followed her mamma's advice, and Marian, from this time, received presents that were far more useful than sweetmeats.

35. And besides these, Miss Bella contrived to pay a certain sum every month to the schoolmaster of the village to instruct Marian in reading. This little girl was so sensible of the favours she received, that she grew every day more tenderly fond of her kind benefactress. She frequently paid her a visit, and was never so happy as when she could do any little matters to oblige her.

36. Marian came one day to the garden gate to wait for Bella's coming down to her; but she did not come, and she was obliged to go back again without seeing her. She returned two days successively, but no Bella appeared; which was a great affliction to the poor girl, and she began to fear that she had inadvertently offended her.

37. I have perhaps, (said she to herself,) done something to vex her; but I am sure, if I knew I had, I would ask her a thousand pardons; for I cannot live without loving her.

38. While she was thus reflecting, one of Mrs. Adams' maids came out of the house, when poor Marian stopped her, and asked her where Miss Bella was. "Miss Bella, (replied the woman,) she is ill of the small pox, so ill indeed, that there are no hopes of her recovery!"

39. Poor Marian, on hearing this was almost distracted, and without considering what she did, flew up stairs, and burst into Mrs. Adams' room, imploring on her knees, that she might be permitted to see her dear, dear Miss Bella.

40. Mrs. Adams would have stopped Marian; but the door being half open, she flew to her bed side, like an arrow out of a bow. Poor Bella was in a violent fever, alone, and very low spirited; for all her little companions had forsaken her.

41. Marian, drowned in tears, seized hold of Bella's hand, and kissed it. "Ah! my dear Miss, (said she,) is it in this condition I find you! But you must not die! What would then become of me! I will watch over you and serve you: shall I not, my dear Miss Bella?" Bella, by squeezing Marian's hand, signified to her, that staying with her would do her a great favour.

42. So the little maid, with Mrs. Adams' consent, became Bella's nurse, of which she performed the part to admiration. She had a small

bed made up for her, close beside her little sick friend, whom she never left for a moment. If the slightest sigh escaped Bella, Marian was up in an instant, to know what she wanted, and gave her, with her own hands, all her medicines.

43. This grateful girl did every thing she could to amuse her friend. She ransacked Mrs. Adams' library for books to read to her; and during the time that her eyes were darkened by the disorder, which was near a week, Marian exerted herself to the utmost to divert her.

44. When Bella grew impatient at the want of sight, Marian told her stories of what happened in the village, which she supposed would amuse and divert her. Sometimes she would say to her, "The great God will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. You must not, therefore, be discouraged, but trust in his goodness, and mercy."

45. And then she would say, "Will you let me sing a pretty song for you?" Bella had only to make a sign, and the little maid would sing her every song that she had learned, endeavouring by this means, to soften the affliction of her generous friend.

46. At length she began to open her eyes, her lowness of spirits left her, the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was still covered with red spots; but Marian looked at her with more pleasure than ever, on account of the danger which she had been in of losing her; while the grateful Bella, on the other hand, regarded her with equal tenderness.

47. "In what manner, (she would sometimes

say,) can I think of requiting you, to my own satisfaction, for the tender care you have taken of me?"

48. Miss Bella, as soon as she found herself perfectly recovered, asked her mamma, in what manner she should recompense her faithful and tender nurse: but Mrs. Adams, whose joy on the recovery of her daughter was inexpressible, desired Bella to leave that matter to her, as she likewise was equally in her debt.

49. Mrs. Adams gave private orders to have a complete suit of clothes made for Marian, and Bella desired that she might have the pleasure of dressing her, the first time she was permitted to go into the garden.

50. The day arrived, and it was indeed a day of rejoicing throughout the whole family; for Bella was beloved by all the servants as well as by all her acquaintance.

51. This was especially, a joyful day to Miss Bella, who had the double satisfaction of seeing her health restored, and of beholding her little friend dressed out in her new clothes.

52. It is much easier to conceive than to express the emotions of these two tender hearts, when they again found themselves in the garden, on that very spot, where their acquaintance first commenced. They tenderly embraced each other, and promised an everlasting friendship.

53. You see now, my young friends, from the story of Bella and Marian, how advantageous it is to be generous and kind. Had not Bella, by her kindness, secured the friendship of Marian, she might have sunk under her severe indispo-

tion; from which the faithful care, and constant attention of Marian were, perhaps, the chief means of recovering her.

## THE CANARY BIRD.

1. Canary-Birds to sell! who will buy my Canary-birds? fine Canary-birds! Thus cried a man who was passing by the house of little Jessy.

2. Jessy heard him: she ran to the window, and looking into the street, saw that it was a bird-seller, who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds.

3. They jumped so nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped so sweetly, that Jessy, in the eagerness of her curiosity, was near falling out of the window, while she endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, Miss? said the bird-man to her.

4. Perhaps I may, answered Jessy, if you will please to stop a little, until I can go and ask my papa's leave. The man promised to stop, and seeing a bulk on the other side of the street, laid down his cage there, and stood by the side of it.

5. Jessy, in the mean time, ran to her father's apartment, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa! quick! make haste!

6. *Mr. Glover.* And what is the hurry, pray?

7. *Jessy.* There is a man in the street that sells Canary-birds; I dare say he has more than

twenty. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

8. *Mr. Glover.* And why does that make you so glad?

9. *Jessy.* Ah, papa; because—that is if you give me leave—I should like to buy one.

10. *Mr. Glover.* And have you money enough?

11. *Jessy.* O yes, in my purse.

12. *Mr. Glover.* But who will feed the poor bird?

13. *Jessy.* I will, papa, myself. You'll see, it will be glad to be my bird.

14. *Mr. Glover.* Ah! I am afraid—

15. *Jessy.* Of what, papa?

16. *Mr. Glover.* That you will let him die of hunger or thirst.

17. *Jessy.* I let him die of hunger or thirst! Oh no, certainly I shan't. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfast before the bird has had his.

18. *Mr. Glover.* Jessy! Jessy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

19. Jessy promised her father so fairly; she coaxed him so much, and pulled his coat so often, that he consented, at length, to his daughter's request. He crossed the street, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they chose the prettiest Canary-bird in it, of the most lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head.

20. Who was ever so happy as Jessy then? She held out her purse to her father, that he

might pay for the bird. Mr. Glover then took money out of his own to buy a handsome cage with drawers, and a fountain of crystal.

21. Jessy had no sooner given the Canary-bird possession of its little palace, than she ran to every part of the house, calling to her mamma and sisters and all the servants, to come and see the bird, which her father had been so good as to buy for her.

22. When any of her little friends came to see her, the first words were, Do you know that I have the prettiest Canary-bird in the world? he is as yellow as gold, and has a little black crest, like the plumes of mamma's hat. Come, I will show him to you; his name is Cherry.

23. Cherry was quite happy under Jessy's care. The first thing she thought of in the morning was to give him fresh grain and the clearest water.—Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had a part of it.

24. She had always some provision in store for him, and his habitation was constantly garnished with fresh groundsel. Cherry was not ungrateful for all these attentions.

25. He soon learned to distinguish Jessy; and the moment he heard her step into the room, what fluttering of his wings! what incessant chirpings! Jessy almost devoured him with kisses

26. At the end of the week he began to sing, and produced the most delightful music. Sometimes he swelled his little notes to such a length, that one would have thought he must expire with fatigue.

27. Then, after pausing a moment, he would begin again sweeter than ever, with a tone so clear and loud, that he could be heard all over the house.—Jessy passed whole hours in listening to him, as she sat by his cage.

28. She would sometimes let her work fall out of her hands, in gazing at him, and after he had entertained her with a sweet song, she regaled him, in her turn, with a tune, which he would endeavour to imitate.

29. These pleasures, however, became familiar to Jessy. Her father one day made her a present of a book of prints. She was so agreeably taken with it, that Cherry was something less minded.

30. He would chirp the moment he saw Jessy, though ever so far off, but Jessy heard him not. Almost a whole week had passed since he had either groundsel or biscuit. He repeated the sweetest airs that Jessy had taught him, and composed new ones for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jessy's thoughts were otherwise engaged.

31. At length one day when Mr. Glover was at table, he cast his eyes accidently upon the cage, and saw the Canary-bird lying upon its breast, and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it seemed to be contracted all into a lump.

32. Mr. Glover went close up to it, but no more fond chirpings were to be heard! the poor little creature was, indeed, but just alive. Jessy! cried Mr. Glover, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jessy blushed. Why papa,

I—somehow—I forgot;—and all in a tremble she ran to fetch the box of seed.

33. Mr. Glover took down the cage, and examined the drawer and fountain. Alas! Cherry had not a single grain, nor a drop of water. Ah! poor bird, cried Mr. Glover, thou hast fallen into cruel hands! If I had foreseen this, I should never have bought thee.

34. All the company rose from table, holding up their hands and crying, the poor bird! Mr. Glover put some seed into the drawer, and filled the fountain with fresh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jessy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying and mourning for her poor neglected bird.

35. The next day, Mr. Glover ordered Cherry to be carried out of the house, and given as a present to the son of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jessy had done.

36. But to hear the little girl's complaints, and expressions of sorrow! ah! my dear bird! my poor Cherry! Indeed, I promise you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a single moment in future. Only leave him with me this once.

37. Mr. Glover was at length touched with Jessy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary bird, but not without a severe reprimand for her negligence, and the strictest injunction as to the future.

38. This poor little creature, said he, is shut

up, and therefore not able to provide for itself. Whenever you want any thing, you can ask for it; but Cherry cannot make people understand his language.

39. If ever you let him suffer hunger or thirst again—at these words Jessy shed a flood of tears. She renewed her promise to be faithful, and assured her papa, that he might rely upon her engagements.

40. And now Jessy was once more mistress of Cherry, and Cherry was once more reconciled to Jessy.

41. About a month after, Mr. Glover was obliged to go into the country a few days with his lady. Jessy, Jessy, said he, in parting with his daughter, I earnestly recommend poor Cherry to your care.

42. Her parents were scarcely got into the carriage, when Jessy ran to the cage, and carefully provided the bird with every thing necessary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She sent for some of her little acquaintance, and soon recovered her cheerfulness.

43. They went out to walk together, and at their return spent the evening in conversation and play. It was late when the little company broke up, and Jessy went to bed quite fatigued.

44. The next morning she awoke by break of day, and began to think of the amusements of the evening before. If the maid would have let her, she would have run as soon as she was up to see the Miss Marshals, but was obliged to wait till after dinner.

45. However, she had scarcely finished it, before she sat out upon her intended visit: and Cherry! he was obliged to stay at home and fast. The following day was also spent in amusements: and Cherry! who could think of him, in the midst of such diversions?

46. The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Glover returned from the country. Jessy had thought very little about their return. Her father had scarce kissed her, and enquired after her health, before he asked, How is Cherry?

47. Very well, cried Jessy, a little confused; and ran towards the cage to carry him some water.—Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings spread, and bill open.

48. Jessy screamed out, and wrung her hands. Every one in the house ran up and was eye witness to the disaster.

49. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Glover, how painful has thy death been! If I had wrung thy head off, the day that I went to the country, thou wouldst have been in pain but a moment, whereas now thou hast endured for several days, the pangs of hunger and thirst, and died in a long and cruel agony.

50. However, thou art still happy, in being delivered from the hands of so pitiless a guardian. Jessy would have hid herself in the bowels of the earth.

51. She would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money to purchase the life of Cherry; but it was then too late.

52. Mr. Glover took the bird, and had the skin

stuffed, and hung up in the room. Jessy did not dare to look at it. Her eyes were filled with tears, whenever she chanced to perceive it, and every day she entreated her father to remove it from her sight.

53. Mr. Glover did not consent, till after many supplications on her part: and whenever Jessy showed any mark of inattention or giddiness, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would say in her hearing, Poor Cherry! what a cruel death you suffered.

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*An account of the surprising deliverance of Mr. JOHN ROGERS, minister at Croglin, in Cumberland, England; and the case of his deliverer: taken from a letter written by a dissenting minister in Essex, to a merchant in Edinburgh, dated October* 12, 1767.

1. The late Mr. Thomas Bradbury happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. Tooly, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was famous in her day for religion, and for the love she bore to Christ, and to all his servants and people.

2. Her house and table were open to them all, being another Lydia in that respect. Mr. Timothy Rogers, son of the late Mr. John Rogers above mentioned, happened to dine there on the same day with Mr. Bradbury; and after dinner he entertained Mrs. Tooly and him with some stories concerning his father, and the sufferings he underwent on account of his nonconformity;

he being one of the ejected ministers, in the year 1662.

3. Mr. Rogers particularly related one anecdote, which he had often heard his father tell to himself and others, with a great deal of pleasure, concerning a deliverance which he had from being sent to prison after his *mittimus*, as they call it, was written out for that purpose.

4. He happened to live near the house of one Sir Richard Cradock, a justice of the peace, who was a most violent hater and persecutor of the dissenters, and one who laid out himself to distress them, by all the means in his power, particularly by enforcing the law against Conventicles or private religious meetings.

5. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. Rogers, and wanted, above all things, to have him in his power; and a fair opportunity, as he thought, offered itself to him. He heard that Mr. Rogers was to preach at a place, some miles distant, and he hired two men to go as spies, who were to take down the names of all the hearers they knew, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

6. The thing succeeded to his wish. They brought the names of several persons, who were hearers on that occasion; and Sir Richard sent and warned such of them as he had a particular spite at, and Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Accordingly they all came, with trembling hearts, expecting the worst; for they knew the violence of the man.

7. While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened to

come into the hall a little girl, a grand-child of Sir Richard's, about six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he being naturally fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her, and she was fond of him.

8. At last, Sir Richard sent one of his servants to inform the company that one of the witnesses was fallen sick, and could not be present that day; and therefore warned them anew to come on another day which he named to them. Accordingly they came, and the crime, as the justice called it, being proved, he ordered their *mittimus* to be written to send them all to gaol.

9. Mr. Rogers before he came, expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats to give her; and he was not disappointed: for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than she was before.

10. She was, it seems, a particular favourite of her grandfather, and had gotten such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing. She was, withal a child of a violent spirit, and could bear no contradiction, as she was indulged in every thing.

11. Once it seems, when she was contradicted in something, she run a pen-knife into her arm, which had near cost her either her life, or the loss of her arm. After which, Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

12. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's

knees, and eating the sweet-meats which he gave her, she looked wishfully on him, and said, "what are you here for, Sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me, and my friends whom you see here, to gaol."

13. "To gaol!" says she; "why, what have you done?" "I have done nothing," said he, "but preach at such a place; and they have done nothing but hear me." "But, says she, my grandpapa shan't send you to gaol."

14. "Ah, but, my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our *mittimus* to send us all there." She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?"

15. "That is nothing to you," said her grandfather: "get you about your business." "But I wont," says she; "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you send them, I will drown myself in the pond, as soon as they are gone, I will, indeed."

16. When he saw the girl was resolute and determined, it shook him, and overcame even the wicked design he had formed, to persecute the servants of the Lord.

17. He stept into the hall, with the *mittimus* in his hand, and said, I had here made out your *mittimus* to send you all to gaol, as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I fall from the prosecution, and set you all at liberty."

18. They all bowed, and thanked his worship. —But Mr. Rogers stept up to the child, and

laid his hand upon her head; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "God bless you, my dear child, may the blessings of that God, whose cause you now did plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity." And then he and his friends went away.

19. Mrs. Tooly listened, with uncommon attention to the story; and looking on Mr. Rogers, said, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" "Yes, madam," answered he, "I am." "Well," says she, "for as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before."

20. "And now I will tell you something you never knew before: I am the very girl your dear father blessed, in the manner you have now related. It made an impression on me I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooly found they had an additional tie of love and affection to each other, beyond what they had before.

21. And then he, and Mr. Bradbury, were desirous of knowing how she, who had been bred up with an aversion to dissenters, and to serious religion, came now to make such a figure among them, and to be so eminent for piety. She complied with their request, and very freely told them her story.

22. She said, that after her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress of his great estate; and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to controul her, she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the time in which she lived, without any manner of restraint.

23. But at the end of them all, she confessed that she found a dissatisfaction with herself and them, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless round over and over again: but still in vain. She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, as hearing that that was a place of pleasure, as well as health.

24. When she came there, she was led, in Providence, to consult a physician, who happened to be a very worthy, religious man. He inquired, what she ailed? "Why," says she, "Doctor, I don't ail much, as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of."

25. "Truly" says he, "Miss, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it." "Books!" says she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on—all the plays, novels, and romances I can hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same."

26. "That may be," said he, "Miss, I dont wonder at it. But this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read; I never tire of reading it; but can begin to read it again, as if never before. And I always see something new in it."

27. "Pray," says she, "Doctor, what book is that?" "Nay, Miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell to every one." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," says he, "Miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it." "Pray get it for me, then, Doctor, and I will give you any thing you please."

28. "Yes," says he, "if you will promise me one thing, I will bring it to you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading."

29. She promised faithfully she would; and after raising her curiosity, by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it to her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it, she said, "Poh!" (with a flirt) "I could get that at any time."

30. "Why, Miss, so you might," replied the Doctor; "but remember I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully." "Well, says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading."

31. Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it, which she had a deep concern in; and if she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now; she did not know what to do with herself. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

32. She was lodged at the court-end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening, she dreamed that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon, which she could remember nothing of, when she awaked, but the text: but the dream made such an impression on her mind, that the idea she had of the place, and the minister's face, was as strong as if she had

been acquainted with both, for a number of years.

33. She told her dream to her companion, on the Lord's day morning; and after breakfast, said she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of London to the other. Accordingly they sat out, and went into this and the other church, as they passed along; but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream.

34. About one of the clock, they found themselves in the heart of the city; and they went into an eating-house, and had a bit of dinner; and out again in search of this place. About half an hour after two, they were in the Poultry, and she saw a great many people going down the old Jewry; and she determined she would see where they were going.

35. She mixed herself among them, and they carried her to the Old Jewry Church. So soon as she entered the door of it, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream."

36. She had not stood long, till Mr. Shower, who was the minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; and so soon as she looked upon him, with greater surprise still, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it hold true, he will take that for his text, Ps. 116. 7. *Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*"

When he rose to pray, she was all attention

and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that for his text: and there God met with her soul in a saving manner; and she, at last, obtained what she had so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest to her soul in Him, who is the life and happiness of souls.

*** *The foregoing account of Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooly is sufficiently authenticated by the gentleman from whom the writer of the letter had it, the late Rev. Doctor Wood of Norwich.*

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## *THE THORN BUSHES.*

1. Mr. Stanhope and his son Gregory were, one evening, in the month of May, sitting at the foot of a delightful hill, and surveying the beautiful works of nature that surrounded them.

2. The declining sun, now sinking into the West, seemed to clothe every thing with a purple robe.—The cheerful song of a shepherd called off their attention from those delightful objects. This shepherd was driving home his flock from the neighbouring fields.

3. Thorn-bushes grew on each side of the road, and every sheep that approached the thorns was sure to be robbed of some part of its wool, which quite displeased little Gregory.

4. "Only see, Papa, said he, how the sheep are deprived of their wool by those bushes! You have often told me that nothing was made in

vain; but these briars seem made only for mischief; people should therefore join to destroy them root and branch.

5. "Were the poor sheep to come often this way, they would be robbed of all their clothing. But that shall not be the case, for I will rise with the sun to-morrow morning, and with my little bill-hook and snip-snap, I will level all these briars with the ground.

6. "You may come with me, Papa, if you please, and bring with you an axe. Before breakfast, we shall be able to destroy them all."

7. Mr. Stanhope replied, "We must not go about this business in too great a hurry, but take a little time to consider upon it; perhaps there may not be so much cause for being angry with these bushes, as you at present seem to imagine.

8. Have you not seen the owners of sheep, with a great pair of shears in their hands, take from their flocks all their wool, not being contented with a few locks only?

9. Gregory allowed that to be true. But they do it, said he, in order to make clothes; whereas the hedges rob the sheep, without having the least occasion for their wool, and evidently for no useful purpose.

10. If it be useful for sheep to lose their clothing, at a certain time of the year, then it is much better to take it for our own advantage, than to suffer the hedges to pull it off for no end whatever.

11. Mr. Stanhope allowed the arguments of little Gregory to be just; for nature has given

to every beast a clothing, and we are obliged from them to borrow our own, otherwise we should be forced to go naked, and should be exposed to the inclemency of the elements.

12. "Very well, papa, (said Gregory) though we want clothing, yet these bushes want none; they rob us of what we have need, and therefore down they shall come, with to-morrow morning's rising sun. And I dare say, papa, you will come along with me and assist me."

13. Mr. Stanhope could not but consent, and little Gregory thought himself nothing less than an Alexander, merely from the expectation of destroying at once this formidable band of robbers.

14. He could hardly sleep, being so much taken up with the idea of his victories, to which the next morning was to be a witness.

15. The cheerful lark had hardly begun to proclaim the approach of morning, when Gregory got up, and ran to awake his papa.

16. Mr. Stanhope, though he was very indifferent concerning the fate of the thorn-bushes, yet he was not displeased with having an opportunity, of showing his little Gregory the beauties of the rising sun.

17. They both dressed themselves immediately, took the necessary instruments, and set out on this important expedition. Young Gregory marched forwards with such hasty steps, that Mr. Stanhope was obliged to exert himself to avoid being left behind.

18 When they came near to the bushes, they observed a multitude of little birds flying

in and out of them, and nimbly hopping from branch to branch.—On seeing this, Mr. Stanhope stopped his son, and desired him to suspend his vengeance a little time, that they might not disturb these innocent birds.

19. With this view they retired to the foot of the hill, where they had sat the preceding evening, and from thence examined more particularly what had occasioned this apparent bustle among the birds.

20. And now they plainly saw that they were employed in carrying away those bits of wool in their beaks, which the bushes had torn from the sheep the evening before. Here there came a multitude of different sorts of birds, and loaded themselves with the plunder.

21. Gregory was quite astonished at this sight, and asked his papa what could be the meaning of it. "You by this plainly see, (replied Mr. Stanhope) that Providence provides for creatures of every kind, and furnishes them with all things necessary for their convenience and preservation.

22. "Here the poor birds find what is necessary for their habitations, wherein they are to nurse and rear their young, and with this they make a comfortable bed for themselves and their little family.

23. "The innocent thorn-bush, against which you yesterday so loudly exclaimed, you see now is of the greatest service to the inhabitants of the air. It takes from those only that are rich, what they can very well spare, in order to satisfy the wants of the poor.

24. "Have you now any wish to cut those bushes down, which you find to answer so useful a purpose?" Gregory shook his head, and said, he would not cut them down for the world.

25. Mr. Stanhope applauded his son for so saying; and after enjoying the sweets of the morning, they returned home to breakfast, leaving the bushes to flourish in peace, since they made so generous a use of their conquests.

26. From this story we should be convinced of the impropriety of too hastily cherishing prejudices against any persons or things; since however forbidding or useless they may, at first sight, appear to be, a more familiar acquaintance with them may discover many uses and perfections which were before unobserved.

27. Sweet contemplation, come pursue
The scene presented to thy view;
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The spreading oak, the towering pine,
The air from noxious vapours free,
Whilst squirrels trip from tree to tree,
And the sweet songsters hover round,
Trees, herbs, and flowers, enrich the ground,
And each their various fruits produce,
Some for delight, and some for use.

28. Behold! O youth, this scene, and see,
What nature's God hath given thee.
With wonder view his great designs,
In which superior wisdom shines:
Revere his name, admire his love,
And raise thy thoughts to worlds above.

## *SIR JOHN DENHAM, AND HIS WORTHY TENANT.*

1. One morning, Sir John Dennam, having shut himself up in his study on some particular business, his servant came to inform him that one of his tenants, farmer Harris, desired to speak with him.

2. Sir John told him to show the farmer into the drawing room, and to beg him to stay one moment, until he had finished writing a letter.

3. Sir John had three children, Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, who were in the drawing room when the farmer was introduced. As soon as he entered he saluted them very respectfully, though not with that ceremony which some people are accustomed to make use of.

4. The two sons looked at each other with a smile of contempt and disrespect. Indeed they behaved in such a manner that the poor farmer blushed, and was quite out of countenance.

5. Robert was so shamefully impertinent, as to walk round him holding his nose, and asking his brother if he did not perceive something of the smell of a dung heap? Then he lighted some paper at the fire, and carried it round the room, in order to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. Arthur all the while stood laughing most heartily.

6. Sophia, however, acted in a very different manner; for instead of imitating the rudeness

of her brothers, she checked them for their behaviour, made apologies for them to the farmer, and approached him with the most complaisant looks, offered him some wine to refresh him, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick to put by.

7. In a little time Sir John came out of his study and approaching the farmer in a friendly manner, took him by the Land, enquired after the health of his family, and asked him what brought him to town.

8. The farmer replied, that he was come to pay him a half a year's rent, and that he hoped he would not be displeased at his not coming sooner, the roads having been so bad, that he could not till then bring his corn to market.

9. Sir John told him he was not displeased at his not coming sooner; because he knew him to be an honest man, who had no occasion to be put in mind of his debts.

10. The farmer then put down the money, and drew out of his great-coat pocket a jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something here (said he) for the young folks.

11. "Won't you be so kind, Sir John, as to let them come out, one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us? I'd try, as well as I could to entertain and amuse them. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise, which will carry them very safely, I'll warrant it."

12. Sir John said, that he would certainly take an opportunity to pay him a visit, and in-

vited him to stay to dinner; but the farmer excused himself, saying, he had a great deal of business to do in town, and wished to get home before night.

13. Sir John filled his pocket with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present he had made to his, and then took leave of him.

14. No sooner was the farmer gone, than Sophia, in the presence of her brothers, acquainted her papa of the very rude reception they gave the honest farmer. Sir John was exceedingly displeased with their conduct, and much applauded Sophia for her different behaviour.

15. Sir John, being seated at breakfast, with his children, opened the farmer's jar of fruits, and he and his daughter ate some of them, which they thought were very nice; but Robert and Arthur were neither of them invited to a single taste.

16. Their longing eyes were fixed upon them; but their father instead of taking any notice of them, continued conversing with Sophia, whom he advised never to despise a person merely for the plainness of his dress; "for (said he) were we to behave politely to those only who are finely clothed, we should appear to direct our attention more to the dress than to the wearer.

17. The most worthy persons are frequently found under the plainest dress, and of this we have an example in farmer Harris. It is this man who helps to clothe you, and also to procure you a proper education; for the money

that he and my other tenants bring in, enables me to do these things.

18. Breakfast being finished, the remainder of the fruit was ordered to be locked up: but Robert and his brother, whose longing eyes followed the jar, clearly saw they were to have none of them. In this they were confirmed by their father, who told them not to expect to taste any of those fruits, either on that or any future day.

19. Robert endeavoured to excuse himself, by saying, that it was not his fault if the farmer did not smell well; and he thought there was no harm in telling him of it. If people will go among dung they must expect to smell of it.

20. "And yet, (said Sir John) if this man were not to manure his land with dung, his crops would fail him, he would not be able to pay his rent, and you yourself would perhaps have to follow a dung-cart." The two boys saw displeasure in their papa's countenance, and therefore did not presume to say any thing more.

21. Early on a morning shortly after, the good farmer came to Sir John Denham's door, and sent up his compliments, kindly inviting him to make a little excursion to his farm. Sir John could not resist the friendly invitation, as a refusal might perhaps have made the honest farmer uneasy

22. Robert and Arthur begged very hard to go along with them, promising to behave more civilly in future, and Sophia begging for them likewise, Sir John at last consented.

23. They then mounted the four wheeled chaise, with joyful countenances and as the farmer had a pair of good horses, they were there in a short time.

24. On their arrival, Mrs. Harris, the farmer's wife came to the door to receive them, helped the young gentlefolks out of the chaise and kissed them. All their little family, dressed in their best clothes, came out to compliment their visitors.

25. When they went in, they found the coffee already poured out; it was placed on a table covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee-pot indeed, was not silver, nor the cups china, yet every thing was in the neatest order.

26. Mrs. Harris made an apology to the children for the humble style in which her table was set out, which she owned could not be equal to what they met with, at their own house; but she hoped they would not be dissatisfied with her homely fare.—The cakes she produced were excellent, for she spared no pains in making them.

27. As soon as breakfast was over, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, and Mrs. Harris took all the pains she could to make the walk pleasing to the children.

28. She showed them all her flocks which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then conducted them to her pigeon house, where every thing was clean and neat. There was some so young

that they were unable to fly: some of the mothers were sitting on their eggs, and others were employed in feeding their young ones.

29. From the pigeon house they proceeded to the bee-hives: but Mrs. Harris took care that the children should not go too near them, for fear of being stung.

30. Most of these sights being new to the children, they seemed highly pleased with them, and were even going to take a second view of them, when the farmer's youngest son came to inform them that dinner was ready.

31. The table furniture was all very plain and simple; but Robert and Arthur, finding themselves so well pleased with their morning walk, and with the kindness which they met with, felt no disposition to make ill-natured observations. Mrs. Harris, indeed, had spared no pains to provide every thing in the best manner she was able.

32. Sir John, after dinner, perceiving two fiddles hang up against the wall, asked who played on those instruments. The farmer answered, he and his son; and without saying a word more, he made a sign to his son Luke to take down the fiddles.

33. They by turns played some old tunes, with which Sir John seemed highly pleased. As they were going to hang up the instruments, Sir John desired his two sons to play some of their best tunes, putting the fiddles into their hands; but they knew not even how to hold the bow, and their confusion occasioned a general laugh.

34. Sir John, now thinking it time to return home, desired the farmer to order the carriage. —Farmer Harris strongly pressed Sir John to stay all night, but the farmer was at last obliged to submit to Sir John's excuses.

35. On his return home, he asked his son Robert how he liked his entertainment, and what he should have thought of the farmer, if he had not taken pains to entertain them.

36. He replied, that he liked his entertainment, but that if he had not taken pains to accommodate them, he should have thought him an unmannerly clown. "Ah, Robert! Robert! (said Sir John) this honest man came to our house, and instead of offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer."

37. Robert blushed, and seemed at a loss what answer to make; but at length replied, that it was his duty to receive them well, as he got his living from their hands. "That is true (answered Sir John) but it may be easily seen who derives the greatest benefit from my lands.

38. He, indeed feeds his horses with hay which he gets from my meadows, but his horses in return plough the fields, which otherwise would be overrun with weeds.

39. He also feeds his cows and sheep with the hay: but they again are useful in enriching the ground. His wife and children are fed with the grain; but they in return devote the summer to weeding the crops, and afterwards in reaping, and threshing.

40. All these labours end in my advantage. The rest of the hay and corn he takes to the market to sell, and with the money he pays his rent. From this it is evident that I am no less indebted to the farmer than he is to me."

41. Here a long pause ensued; but at last Robert confessed that he was in an error. "Remember then, all your life (said Sir John) the lesson you have now learned. And consider how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress, and the simplicity of his manners.

42. You may perhaps understand a little Latin, but you know not how to plough, or sow, or even to prune a tree. Sit down, therefore, with being convinced that you have despised your superior."

## *THE LITTLE PRATER.*

1. Leonora was endued with spirit and vivacity. When scarcely eight years old, she was exceedingly well practised in the art of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her scissors.

2. All the stockings that she and her little brothers wore, were of her knitting. She could read with ease in any book she happened to take up: her writing was also extremely neat and fair.

3. She did not huddle her letters all together, nor did she lean some this way, and others that

way: and her lines went straight along, and not dancing up and down, as too often I have seen in children's copy-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

4. Her papa too, and mamma, were no less satisfied with her obedience, than her masters with her diligence and study.

5. She lived in perfect union with her brothers and sisters, and treated every servant with the greatest affability, and her companions with friendship and condescension.

6. Who would think that with so many good qualities, and so much understanding, any little girl could possibly be so unfortunate, that none, when they became acquainted at the house could bear her.

7. Such was Leonora; notwithstanding: for a single fault which she had contracted destroyed the effect of all her agreeable accomplishments.

8. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her understanding and the goodness of her disposition. In short, Leonora was an intolerable prater.

9. When, for instance, she was sitting down to work, one might have heard her say, O ho! I fancy 'tis high time I should be doing something! What would my mamma say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, and lolling on my elbows?

10. Let me see; how much have I got to hem here? all this apron! I shall, however, soon have done. There the clock strikes: one, two.

three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Eight o'clock!

11. Well then, I have but one hour before school; yet a deal of business may be done in an hour.—Mamma, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure to give me something.

12. How I should like to see Fanny Watson this morning. I would show her the fine gown which mamma has bought me. Fanny is a fine girl. I am vastly pleased with her. O! but she loves talking, and I don't know how it happens, but one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper is set a going.

13. Where's my thimble got to? Sister have you seen my thimble? Now I suppose Patty must have lost it for me, when she came to sweep the parlour.

14. It is just like her! she is always such a careless creature! Do call Patty. Patty have you seen my thimble? O, no! here it is, just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

15. It was thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears that happened to be near her. When her parents were engaged in any interesting conversation with each other, she would come and mix in their discourse, by prating about twenty different subjects. And at table, it was still the same.

16. She used her tongue much more than her knife and fork, and made her remarks upon every dish that was set before her. Her papa would reprove her twenty times a day for this

fault: but reproof seemed to be lost upon her, nor would any correction produce a reformation in her conduct.

17. As it was not possible to hear any one else, when she was nigh, Miss Chatterbox was often sent to pass the morning all alone in her apartment.

18. And during dinner, they were obliged to put her at a little table by herself, a distance from the company. Leonora seemed afflicted at this separation, but still she was not reformed.

19. She always had something to talk about even with herself: and I verily believe, that rather than be silent, she would enter into conversation with her knife and fork.

20. From such a foolish habit, what advantage did she get? She got nothing, indeed, but punishment and hatred. If you should not be convinced of this, by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be so when you read what follows.

21. Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go out and visit a friend, in the next town, and stay a week or two. It was autumn then, the weather was extremely fine, and you cannot conceive what an abundance there was of all kinds of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

22. Leonora expected that it was designed to make her one of the party, but was very much surprised, when her papa directed both her sisters to get ready for the journey, but told her that she must stay at home.

23. She fell a crying, ran to her mamma, and

said, my dear mamma, what fault have I committed, that papa should be so angry with me?

24. Your papa, she answered, is not angry with you; but believe me, 'tis impossible for any one to bear with your constant chatter. You would surely interrupt our pleasure, and the pleasure of the family we are going to visit; and therefore, for the future, when we go abroad, we must leave you behind us.

25. Must I never speak, then? replied Leonora. That, said her mamma, would be no less a fault than what we wish to see you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait till you perceive your turn for speaking is come, and not perpetually prevent your parents, and those who have more experience than yourself, from talking.

26. You should also take care how you say whatever comes into your head. When you desire to be informed of a thing, 'tis not improper you should know how you ought to ask, employing as few words as possible; and having any thing to tell, you should, in that case, first of all reflect, within yourself, whether those about you would, or would not like to know it.

27. Leonora, though she could not reasonably call in question this advice, would not have wanted words to justify her prating, if she had not heard her papa call out, that moment, every thing was ready; and, in fact, the carriage was off that very instant.

28. Leonora fell to crying, and with tears pursued the carriage, till her eye could no lon-

ger discern it. When it was out of sight, she went into a corner, and wept most bitterly.

29. Ah! babbling gossip! she began, (now speaking to herself,) 'tis owing all to my long tongue, that I am thus punished. I'll take care in future, that it shall never speak a word more than it ought.

30. Some few days after they returned. Leonora's sisters brought home with them baskets full of pears and apples.

31. They were both extremely well tempered, and therefore Leonora would, on no account, have gone without her share; but then the tears she had been shedding so completely took away her appetite, that 'tis not to be wondered at that she did not wish for any.

32. She ran to her papa, imploring his pardon for her fault, in having forced him thus to punish her. For the future, said she, I will endeavour not to speak too much. Her father tenderly embraced and kissed her.

33. On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to sit down and take her dinner with the rest. She spake but very little, and whatever she presumed to say was exceedingly proper and modest.

34. The first day it cost her very much to check her tongue, which, through impatience and the itch for talking, rolled, if I may say so, this way and that way, in her mouth.

35. But on the day following, the work was less painful, and the next day, still less so; until at length, her bad habit was completely done away, and she became so modest and reserved, as to gain the love of all who knew her.

## *THE BIRD'S EGG.*

1. Little George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden. Now this wood was formed of little trees, which grew very near each other, and two paths conducting through it.

2. One day as he walked up and down, he thought that he would rest himself a little, with his back against a tree, which as yet was quite slender, and which therefore shook through all its branches, when his back first touched it.

3. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird, which therefore issued from a neighbouring bush, and flew away. George saw it and was grieved.

4. He fixed his eye upon the bush, to see if it would not return; and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the branches at a spot where they were twisted into one another, something like a tuft of hay.

5. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer: he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls in it, of an oval shape and spotted.—They were placed be side each other on a layer of grass.

6. Surely this, says George, must be what I have heard some people call a bird's nest; and these balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is little also. It was his first design to bear away the nest; but upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg only; so having taken it, he ran home.

7. In his way, he met his sister, and thus addressed her; See this little egg. I found it in a nest.—There were five others with it. Let me have it in my hand, said the little girl. She examines it, returns it to her brother, and then asks a second time to have it.

8. In the end they roll it up and down the table, just as if it had been a ball. One shoves it one way, the other pushes it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, it falls down and breaks. They cry, and mutually accuse each other as the cause of their misfortune.

9. Their mother, happening to hear them thus complaining and weeping, came in to know what was the matter. Both began at once.

10. She heard their different stories, and then sitting down, and calling them to her, she said, be comforted dear children. That you have broken the egg between you is a small misfortune, and need not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so.

11. I might, notwithstanding, blame you, George, with justice, for the act of bringing it from the nest. This egg would soon have become a little bird, which you have now killed by bringing it away.

12. The bird which you saw fly out of the bush, was the mother. When she comes again to her nest, she will find that one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

13. Perhaps the loss of but a single egg informs them that their asylum is discovered.

They have every thing to be afraid of from the violence of man. They guess that when their little ones are hatched, he that has already robbed them, will return and seize upon their tender family.

14. If then this nest, which you have thus robbed, should be totally abandoned—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?

15. Yes, mamma, indeed, replied the little George: and I am sorry I laid hands upon the egg; but then I did not know any thing of what you have been telling us; and thought it no harm in bringing it to show my sisters, which was all I meant to do.

16. I can easily believe you, my child, said the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleasure some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case, be very wicked, and I should be quite sorry that I had such a son.

17. Mamma, said the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, is not in the least like those swallows, nests we see about the roofs.

18. Henrietta, said the mother, every nest is not alike, nor yet is every bird alike. Some are not known to perch on trees; and others live, at all times, upon them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning.

19. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plumage, which has half a dozen colours; others are all of one colour. Some live on fruits, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds and devour them.

20 Ah, the wicked creatures! answered Henrietta; I dont like these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests.

21. So too would many others, said the little one's mamma; and therefore those great birds that devour the less, build their nests in places which cannot easily be come at; as for instance, in the woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very seldom; and on very high trees, beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

22. Therefore, since these birds are very different from each other, it is but reasonable that they should have nests different. Thus the lark that never lives in any tree, but sings as you have heard her, mounting in the air, constructs her nest on the ground.

23. The swallow builds about the roofs of houses under what we call the eves; the owl, that people only hear by night, seeks out deserted habitations, or some hollow tree, to put her eggs in; and the eagle, which flies above the clouds till it is absolutely out of sight, provides a place for its young ones, in the cliffs of craggy rocks.

24. The birds which live round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those which love the water, and which find their food within it, build their nests among rushes that grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

25. I suppose you have observed these little creatures when they have been busy in selecting the materials of which they compose their

nests. One you have observed carrying off a straw; another having in his beak some wood, or feathers, or dried leaves; and very probably a third some moss.

26. The swallow you have seen, by the border of a stream, moistening a little bit of earth, which he has taken in his beak, with which he builds his habitation.

27. Such materials as are very coarse and solid they will take to form the outside of their nests; but line them with the softest, and the warmest. Nay, there are some birds that pull out their own feathers, to make up that comfortable bed, which their little ones are to repose on.

28. Some hang their nests by a sort of thread which they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders; others lodge them in the forks of trees; and all do what they can to make them strong, and to secure them from those enemies which they stand in fear of.

28. In these nests they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sits upon them with admirable perseverance.

30. They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their bodies puts every thing within these eggs in motion, and produces their young, which at last are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

31. When the mother sits alone, her mate will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are hatched, they do every thing to nourish and defend them.

32. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they bring home. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their tender state: but when once they are grown strong, they provide them with food more solid.

33. There is one, and that a very large one, called the *pelican*, which being forced o go a great distance in quest of victuals for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag.

34. She fills it with such aliment as she is sensible they love; she warms what she procures, and renders it by this means fitter for their tender stomachs; and then she returns and empties it before them.

35. Thus whilst they are parents, they appear to forget that they want food themselves, and seem only to think of their little family. If either tempest or rain comes, they hurry to their nest, and cover it as well as they are able, with their outstretched wings, so keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood.

36. All night too, they sit and cherish the little creatures, lest the dampness of the sky should injure them. And the fearfulest of all fowl, that will fly away if they hear but the slightest noise, and tremble at the least degree of danger, know not what fear is, when they have a family to care for, but become courageous and intrepid.

37. Thus it is with the common hen. As great a coward as she is when by herself, she

grows a heroine, and an example of audacity when she has a brood to defend from danger. She attacks the greatest dog, and will not even fear a man, if he attempts to take her young ones away from her.

38. So also do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them. They will flutter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the invader, and pursue him to a distance.

39. If their young ones are taken and shut up in a cage, they will continue to come regularly and feed them.

40. Poor dear little birds! cried the children, how we will in future love you! Never, in time to come, depend upon it, will we be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will only look on your nests, without disturbing them, or robbing them of their eggs.

41. We will be satisfied with gazing on you, while employed in the delightful task of tending your young, until we see your little family all flying around their parents.

42. Yes, dear children, said the mother, so you should do. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you. Never injure any creature, if you can help it, nor occasion the least degree of pain for pleasure's sake.

43. Consider that the great Creator did not make these creatures for us to torment, but that we might see his wisdom in them, and use them with justice and tenderness, as we should wish to be used, if we were in their place.

44 So saying, she left her children, who were very much pleased with the instruction she had given them.

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## THE PEDLAR AND HIS ASS.

1. It was noon day, and the sun shone intensely bright, when a pedlar, who was driving his ass, laden with the choicest Burslem ware, stopped upon Delemere forest, to take some refreshment. He sat down upon the turf, and after consuming the provisions in his satchel, emptied his dram bottle, and then composed himself to sleep.

2. But the ass, which had travelled many a wearisome mile, without tasting a morsel of food, remained muzzled by his side, wistfully viewing the blossoms of furze, which grew in great abundance around him. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the sensations of hunger, and drowsiness stole upon him.

3. He kneeled down, and doubling his legs under him, rested upon his belly, in such a position, that each of the panniers which he carried, touched the ground, and was securely supported by it. But his slumbers were of short duration.

4. An angry hornet, whose nest had been that morning destroyed, perched upon his back and stung him to the quick. Roused by the smart, he suddenly sprung up, and by his violent motion, produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware.

5. The pedlar awaked in consternation, and snatching his whip, began to lash the ass, with merciless fury. The poor beast fled from his stripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown of; and the Burslem ware was entirely demolished. Thus did inhumanity, laziness, and passion, meet with deserved punishment.

6. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of his beast, when he gratified his own; or had he pursued with diligence his journey, after finishing his repast, no part of these misfortunes would have befallen him; and his loss would have been small, if he had not, with unjust severity, and blind passion, completed his ruin, by lashing the blameless animal.

7. A merciful man, says Solomon, regardeth the life of his beast; and people should ever make it a rule, not to punish a dumb creature, or indeed to do any thing else in a passion: for by so doing, they not only commit sin, but often greatly injure themselves.

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## *THE ROVING FISHES.*

1. Sophronia and her son were taking an evening's walk. The path which they pursued led them to a beautiful pond. This pond was supplied with water by a murmuring rill, and discharged itself through a concealed grate, into a neighbouring brook.

2. Having reached the margin of the flood

they stopped to gaze at the sportive fishes, gliding in all directions, with graceful ease, through the yielding element. But a large tench was observed to remain in one unvaried position, as if stupified with pain, or overwhelmed with sorrow.

3. Were fishes capable of reflection, said Sophronia, I should imagine, that the tench we are looking at, is mourning the folly and calamities of her offspring. And what, said Junius, has led you to form a supposition so singular? Have any unusual misfortunes happened to this community of fishes?

4. Last week, said Sophronia, a sudden and uncommon swell of the brook raised the water of this pond above its level; and three young tenches eagerly took the opportunity of escaping over the grate, and quitted with joy their confinement, to which they had for some time impatiently submitted.

5. They swam down the stream exulting in their liberty, and were just entering a spacious mill pond, which promised every gratification to their boundless wishes, when a ravenous pike seized upon the foremost, and terrified the others with the apprehension of dangers before unknown.

6. The shallows of the pool were now sought for security: but the flood having damaged the dike, the water rapidly discharged itself. One of the remaining tenches was left in a hollow to die a painful and lingering death; the other impelled by hunger, swallowed a bait, and became the prey of a fisherman.

7. Thus perished these unfortunate rovers; affording us a lesson of instruction, that when comfortably provided for, we ought to be contented with our situation and circumstances, lest by changing them, we rush into unseen dangers.

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## *SISTERLY UNITY AND LOVE.*

1. Observe those two hounds, that are coupled together, said Euphronius to Lucy and Sophia, who were looking through the window. How they torment each other, by a disagreement in their pursuits! One is for moving slowly, and the other vainly urges onward.

2. The larger dog now sees some object, that tempts him on this side, and mark how he drags his companion along, who is exerting all his efforts to pursue a different route. Thus they will continue all day at variance, pulling each other in opposite directions, when they might, by kind and mutual compliances, pass on easily, merrily, and happily.

3. Lucy and Sophia joined in censuring the folly and ill-nature of these dogs: and Euphronius expressed a tender wish, that he might never see any thing similar in their behaviour.

4. Nature, said he, has linked you together, by the near equality of your ages; by your common relation to the same parents; by the endearing ties of sisterhood; and by all those tender affections, which you have been taught to

feel for each other. Let these silken cords of mutual love continue to unite you in the same pursuits.

5. Suffer no allurements to draw you different ways; suffer no jarring passions to distract your friendship: nor admit any selfish views or hateful jealousies to render those bonds uneasy and oppressive, which are now your ornament, your strength, and highest happiness.

6. *Whatever brawls disturb the street,*
*There should be peace at home,*
*Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,*
*Quarrels should never come.*

*Birds in their little nests agree,*
*And 'tis a shameful sight,*
*When children of one family,*
*Fall out, and chide, and fight.*

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## *THE TIGER AND THE ELEPHANT.*

1. In one of the deserts of Africa, a tiger of uncommon size, strength, and fierceness, committed the most dreadful ravages. He attacked every animal he met with, and was never satisfied with blood and slaughter.

2. Resistance served only to increase his ferocity; and passive timidity, to multiply his victims. When the forest afforded him no prey, he lurked near a fountain of water, and seized with

indiscriminate fury, upon the various beasts that came to drink.

3. It happened one day, that an elephant stopped to quench his thirst at the stream, whilst the tiger lay concealed in the adjoining thicket. The sight of a creature so stupendous, instead of restraining, rather incited his rapacity.

4. He compared his own agility with the unwieldy bulk of the elephant; and trusting that he should find him as unfit to fight, as he was to fly, he bounded towards him, and snatched, with open jaws, at his proboscis.

5. The elephant instantly contracted it, with great presence of mind; and receiving the furious beast on his tusks, tossed him up a considerable height into the air. Stunned with his fall, the tiger lay motionless some time; and the generous elephant disdaining to take revenge, left him to recover from his bruises.

6. When the tiger came to himself, (like the aggressor in every quarrel) he was enraged at the repulse; and pursuing his injured and peaceful adversary, he again assaulted him with redoubled violence.

7. The resentment of the elephant was now roused; he wounded the tiger with his tusks, and then beat him to death with his trunk.

8. Does the ferocity of the tiger merit the honourable appellation of courage? Or will you not rather apply that character to the calm intrepidity of the inoffensive elephant? Most certainly you will; for true courage is ever exerted in repelling, not in offering injuries.

## INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

1. Industry and Sloth were inhabitants of the same village, and very near neighbours: yet the difference of their dispositions and conduct was so great that they carefully avoided each other.

2. As they had formerly been servants together, in a family where I frequently visited, and as Providence had now brought me near their dwellings, I had an inclination to call and inquire after their welfare, and see their children, as they had both been sometime married.

3. It having been my custom, for a number of years, to take a short walk before breakfast, I sat out one morning in the month of May, to visit these families. The morning was very pleasant, and in half an hour, I reached the cottage of Industry.

4. Nothing could have exceeded my surprise and pleasure, at the neatness every where discernible.—I walked up the yard, upon a clean brick pavement, and as I drew near, the good woman of the house opened the door to welcome me to her habitation.

5. Here peace and plenty, order and regularity seemed to reign throughout. I was desired to take a chair, and as I sat down, the children who were neatly dressed, and prepared thus early for school, rose up from their seats, and came forward to pay me their respects.

6. The village clock struck eight, as a summons for the children to repair to school; but Betsey and Louisa first obtained their mother's

permission to run into the garden and pluck a flower for the stranger.

7. They soon returned with a beautiful collection of such flowers as their garden afforded, at that season, which they presented with a courtesy and a smile. They were then all dispatched to school, except the oldest daughter, Nancy, who was needed to assist in the work of the family.

8. As I had another visit to make this morning, and had promised to return by nine o'clock, I was obliged to depart sooner than I wished; but not till Industry had shewed me all her habitation, which was equally neat in every part, and stored with the necessaries and comforts of life.

9. In the mean time, Nancy finished the business of the morning, and putting on her bonnet and sash, invited me to walk with her mother and herself, to the spring house, to see a specimen of her spinning, which was then bleaching at the spring.

10. This invitation I did not hesitate to comply with, and I must confess, that I was extremely pleased with the sample of her industry. It brought to my mind the observations of king Lemuel concerning the provident woman:

11. *She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar.*

12. *She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor: yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.*

13. *She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.*

14. *Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.*

15. *Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.*

16. *She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.*

17. *Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

18. These observations struck me so forcibly, that turning to Nancy, I could not help repeating those words, *Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

19. She blushed, and thanked me for the compliment, but thought herself not the fittest person to receive it. She said it was her first attempt at the wheel, and she hoped she should improve, as she became more accustomed to the business.

20. I had been so much amused at the spring house, that the clock struck nine before I reflected that I had outstayed my time. We therefore hastily returned to their habitation, where I left

a few small presents for the children, and my respects for their father, who was at his daily labour, and then took my leave, to visit the dwelling of Sloth.

25. I knocked at the gate a considerable time before any one appeared; at length a dirty looking woman came to the window, and enquired my business. I gave her my name, and told her that I came with an intent to pay her a morning visit, but as the day was so far advanced, I believed that I would defer it, until another time.

22. But she recollected me, and had too little shame to prevent me from being a spectator of her miserable abode. She opened the door and insisted on my coming in.

23. My curiosity induced me to comply with her invitation. But what a scene was presented to my view! How different from the one I had just left! It was now half past nine, and they were but just preparing for breakfast.

24. The first objects that presented themselves to my sight were their two children, Richard and Susan, sitting upon each end of a chair, which lay on the floor. The girl was employed in blowing the fire, to make the kettle boil; while Richard, who had just left his bed, was beginning to put on his clothes.

25. In that shameful situation, he stared me full in the face, as I entered the room; but rising, at length, to go out at the door, up went the chair, and down came poor Susan, with her bellows on the floor.

27. At this moment, the fire also fell, on which

the kettle was placed; the water flew plentifully upon Susan, but luckily it was not hot enough to scald her. It however put out all the fire, threw the mother into a passion and the house into an uproar; so that I was glad to make my escape.

27. The noise was heard at an huckster's shop, at some distance, where Mr. Sloth had gone, as his custom was, to get his morning dram, and from whence he was making his way home, when he met me in my flight.

28. Concluding that I had been the cause of the disturbance, at his house, he began to abuse me in the street; but fortunately for me, he had drank so freely, that I soon perceived, I had little to fear from him; so I passed on and he went staggering home.

29. As I was returning, I could not help reflecting upon the many evils, which are brought upon mankind, by drunkenness and sloth. What sorrow and woe, what contention and strife, poverty and shame, misery and destruction, do not these vices bring upon families, which might otherwise have enjoyed all the comforts of life.

30. In the family of Sloth, we may behold the melancholy truth, that the sins of parents are often visited upon children: for Richard and Susan naturally imbibed all the evil habits both of their father and mother.

31. The son, when but fourteen years of age, was frequently seen at the same dram shop with his father; and the practice of drinking I have since been told, increased with his years, till at last he was obliged to enlist as a soldier, as the only means of support.

32. In the army he soon found companions as depraved as himself. These he occasionally invited to visit his parents, who then lived near the camp; and one of them becoming acquainted with his sister, persuaded her to follow the army, where she was soon ruined and died a beggar.

33. As for Richard, being too idle and vicious to submit to the duties of a soldier, and the discipline of an army, he several times deserted, and was as often apprehended and severely punished. At length he was put on board of a man of war to spend the remainder of his days.

34. And now let my young readers pause and reflect upon the unhappy end of poor Richard and Susan, and resolve to shun the vices which proved so destructive to the whole family of Sloth.

35. And let all those who would live and die respected and happy, resolve to follow the example of industry. Let them be virtuous, temperate, prudent and persevering; so shall they not fall into want, nor feel the stings of guilt or remorse.

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## *DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.*

1. The Babylonian empire was one of the most extensive and powerful in the ancient world Nebuchadnezzar, one of its kings, having conquered Judea, had carried away Daniel along with many other captives to Babylon; and he

afterwards raised him, on account of his great wisdom, to the highest post in the government.

2. In this station Daniel continued during the long term of sixty-five years, till at length Babylon was taken, and Belshazzar, who was at that time its king, was slain by Darius, king of the Medes and Persians. An account of this may be seen in the fifth chapter of Daniel, in which is contained the remarkable description of the hand writing upon the wall.

3. Darius, having thus become king over an immense territory, began to take proper measures to secure his government. He divided the kingdom, therefore, into one hundred and twenty parts, over each of which he appointed a governor, and over these he placed three presidents, who were to superintend the whole affairs of the kingdom. At the head of these presidents we find the name of Daniel.

4. This is remarkable, whether we consider the nation to which he belonged, the religion which he professed, or the employment he formerly held.—His nation was that of the Jews, which was then in the highest disrepute; his religion, though it was the true one, was accounted the grossest superstition; and his employment, as has been already observed, had been that of prime minister to the monarch, whom Darius had fought against, and at length dethroned.

5. Nay, it was probably owing to the counsels of Daniel, that Babylon had been able to resist, as it did, for near twenty years, the victorious

sons of the Persian king. What a testimony was it to the great worth of Daniel, that his conqueror could find no person more proper, with whom to entrust the chief concerns of his empire.

6. *Daniel*, as the scripture observes, *was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him.* The excellence of his *wisdom* appears from this, that when he was but twenty-two years old, he was esteemed above all the wise men of the east.

7. His wisdom even became proverbial; and therefore, while he was still a young man, the prophet Ezekiel reproved the vanity and presumption of the king of Tyre, *who said in his heart that he was even wiser than Daniel.*

8. And such also was the excellence of his *piety*, that he was ranked, whilst living, with Noah and Job, those men of the highest eminence; and it is declared of Jerusalem, in order to indicate the greatness of her guilt, that God would not spare her, *even though Noah, Job and Daniel were in her.*

9. Surely no other person, in the whole compass of life, ever had such honourable attestations to the excellence of the spirit which was in him.

10. *Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion or fault, forasmuch as he was faithful; neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, we shall not find any occasion against this Daniel except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.*

11. No virtue is so great, no station so high, as to be free from envy. And we know little of human nature, if we suppose, that those high spirited captains and princes would bear to see a captive and a Jew preferred before them.

12. Daniel also was appointed to inspect their conduct, and to him they were to account *that the king might have no damage.* No wonder, then, that they sought occasion against him.

13. But here is a fresh testimony to the worth of this illustrious man; that even they, when their anger and envy were so keen, could yet find no fault in him. What! when he had been prime minister of the largest empire in the world for sixty-five years, and his conduct was scrutinized with a jealous eye, could no instance of treachery or dishonesty be found in him?—

14. No. He was faithful in every thing which was committed to him. Yet there was, it seems, one part of his character, which gave his enemies some hope of finding occasion against him.

15. His attachment to his religion had been long observed; and they concluded, that if they could bring him into a situation, in which his adherence to his religion might be considered as a crime against the state, they should then be able to bring on his condemnation.

16. How does the character of Daniel rise still higher and higher, the more we contemplate it! His enemies (and if Daniel had enemies, let no one flatter himself with the hope, that greatness and piety will secure him from them)—his enemies could find nothing upon

which to found their schemes for his destruction but his piety. Upon his piety they were to depend for the success of their plots. What an honour did this put upon that great and good man!

17. We may observe here, that no situation in life, no multiplicity of business, no elevation of rank, will excuse a man from attending to the duties of religion. For we see Daniel, living in the midst of a most dissolute and luxurious court, bearing himself the chief burden of government, and yet paying the most strict regard to religion.

18. Nay, it was this which enabled him so faithfully to discharge his duty to the state. Had he not been so truly religious, there would doubtless have been found some error or fault in him. No time is lost by prayer. No advantage is gained by neglecting to seek the help and blessings of God.

19. Did we but know the effect which a strict regard to religion would have upon every part of our conduct, we should find that it would be the best preservative against folly and vice, and would enable us to go through the most difficult business with honour and integrity.

20. *Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him: King Darius, live forever! All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors and the princes, the counsellors and the captains have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions!*

21. *Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not—Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree.*

22. Happy are we, who live under a government so much more just, and in times so much more enlightened, that none would think of proposing such an absurd and impious law. Yet, in that Eastern country, and in those ancient times, this law was, with respect to the king, one of the most artful pieces of flattery.

23. It seemed to intend nothing but the confirmation of his power, and the advancement of his glory. To forbid favours to be requested of any other, was to invite all to come to him. It may appear strange, indeed, to us, that all petitions should be forbidden to be made to any *god*, save to the king.

24. But if we consider the variety of gods worshipped in Babylon, most of whom were idols of wood and stone, we shall have less reason to wonder, that the impiety of the proposal did not shock a monarch flushed with extensive conquest.

25. The king therefore, being gratified with this distinguished honour, which all the presidents, the governors, the princes, the counsellors, and the captains had agreed to pay him, readily signed the writing and the decree.

26. Doubtless the matter was known to Daniel, before the royal signature was obtained; and the malicious purpose, which it was intended to answer, could not be hid from him.

27. Some also of the princes and governors there probably might be, who were too just to consent willingly to this iniquitous proposal; but they might be afraid of appearing to oppose the honour of the king, if they came forward in the defence of his injured minister.

28. Thus no effectual opposition was made to the decree, and the destruction of Daniel seemed to be inevitable.

29. It pleases God, many times, in an extraordinary way, to try the faith of his most faithful servants. Let no man, therefore, repine at his trials, however severe; they may be the means of calling forth his grace, and purifying his soul.

30. And the more severe the trial, the greater will be the victory, and the benefit, if we do but persevere in our integrity and virtue.

31. Daniel was now placed in a most critical situation. He knew his danger, and was sensible that the eyes of the whole kingdom would be upon him.

32. He might easily have prevented the mischief which his enemies thought to do him. He might have retired for thirty days into the country: or he might, at least, have concealed for so short a time, the *open profession* of his religion; and have worshipped God *in secret* as devoutly as ever.

33. This, however, he conceived, would be shrinking from his duty. The glory of God, and the honour of religion required that he should be open and bold at such a time as this; and that he should manifest an inviolable attachment to the worship of Jehovah.

34. He resolved, therefore, to abide the consequences of an undisguised conduct, whatever they might be.

35. *Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.*

36. It was the custom of every religious Jew, to offer up particular worship to God, at the hour of the morning and evening sacrifice. The window was then open towards Jerusalem, and the face directed that way, in order to manifest communion with the saints, who were then worshipping in the temple.

37. When, therefore, Daniel retired at those hours, and opened his windows towards Jerusalem, he made no ostentatious display of his religion, but only complied with one of its sacred duties.

38. Methinks I see this venerable man, at the appointed hour of prayer, rising up from the seat on which he sat, in the midst of the presidents and princes, the counsellors and captains, who were sitting around him, and observing him with anxious looks.

39. Methinks I see him walking through the midst of them, with an air of dignity and serenity, which nothing but innocence and faith in God could inspire; while his enemies retire on each side, abashed by his awful presence.

40. He is gone.—They well know where, and for what purpose. They follow him to his

closet, and there behold him kneeling upon his knees, with his hands and eyes uplifted to God.

41. Behold the holy man in this devout posture! What fervency was there in his supplications? How did the thought of his situation, the trial he had to pass through, his instant appearance before God in judgment, and the nearness and awfulness of eternity, affect his mind.

42. With what ardour did he implore divine grace to support him! With what importunity did he intercede for the church of God, and its friends, that they might continue faithful, in this season of trial, and for the king and the empire that the wicked acts of ungodly men might not draw down the vengeance of heaven.

43. But he gave *thanks* also. Was this, then, a season for thankfulness? Yes. Not only would the remembrance of the goodness and mercy of God, which had followed him for near ninety years, rush upon his mind, and inspire him with gratitude; but he would find the greatest reason to be thankful to God for the present occasion.

44. He was thankful, that he was counted worthy to suffer as a martyr for the cause of God: thankful, that he had been so kept by divine grace, that no occasion could be found against him, save that he was a worshipper of the true God; thankful for the spirit, and the boldness, which then animated him, and the support which he was, at that moment, receiving from his God.

45. In the midst of the devout exercises of

this excellent man, while his soul was conversing with the Father of spirits, behold his enemies break in upon him.

46. *Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying, and making supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king, concerning the king's decree. Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god or man, within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?*

47. *The king answered and said, the thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Then answered they, and said before the king, that Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree which thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.*

48. *Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him; and he laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver him. Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto him, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, that no decree nor statute, which the king establisheth, may be changed.*

49. Alas, into what snares are men betrayed by their vanity and pride! By these was the king prevailed upon to sacrifice one of his most faithful and beloved subjects.

50. First, there was the vanity, which occasioned that foolish law of the Medes and Persians, that whatever the king had ordered was not to be altered. Just as if every thing which he

did, were so well and so wisely done, that there could arise no occasion to change it.

51. Then there was the vanity of Darius, by which he allowed the particular law now spoken of, to be so impiously made, in order to gratify his own pride. Thus did his present weakness, and inability to save an injured and excellent man, arise from that very flattery, which seemed to exalt his power to the highest pitch.

52. How short sighted is man! How liable is he to fall into the grossest errors, when he suffers himself to be influenced by his passions. Thus this high and mighty king, who had exalted himself above all men and gods, cannot even save the life of his faithful friend.

53. And now this great man, grown old in dignity and virtue, as well as in years, is led through the streets of Babylon! What crowds attend to behold this illustrious victim of envy and malice! Methinks I hear, on one side, the insulting shouts and cruel mockings of base men: "Where now is his God! they cry; where now his boasted wisdom?"

54. On the other hand, I see a vast number of aged men, fathers of the Jewish church, with silent sorrow beholding him, and lifting up their hearts to heaven in his behalf. There too, the crowd of those, who have been deeply indebted to his bounty, wait to bid farewell to their benefactor, and to offer him the last tribute of their gratitude, in their affectionate and sympathizing looks.

55. There also the king waits to part with the man, who was now raised higher than ever in his

esteem. What was their conversation, in this affecting interview, we are not told; doubtless it was worthy of the piety and wisdom of Daniel.

56. What sound advice would he give his royal master! What solemn lessons of instruction would he communicate, exhorting him to fear and serve the true God! What noble confidence would he express in the power of Jehovah to deliver him, if it so pleased him; and what resignation to his will, if he chose to accept of his death! Even the heathen king was also inspired with confidence.

57. *Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee. And they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords, that the purpose might not be changed respecting Daniel.*

58. Would you look for a scene, where human greatness is most conspicuous and human glory is advanced to the highest pitch, seek not for it amidst triumphant armies, or in splendid palaces. Behold *Daniel in the den of lions!* See the savage beasts, which just now roared with impatience to devour their prey, crouch with reverence, and lie down at his feet!

59. Behold this wonderful man, with the wild beasts around him, kneeling down, and with tears of gratitude and wonder, again offering thanks to God! What a scene! How must he have felt, at this time! I know not whether there was the

visible appearance of an angel of God, illuminating with glory the dark cavern; but I am sure he had the presence of God, and enjoyed the highest degree of communion with him.

60. How would his mind be occupied with thoughts too mighty for utterance! With what wonder would he contemplate the power of the Most High, which was able to restrain the rage of the lions, and to shut their mouths!

61. With what earnestness would he afresh devote himself to the service of God, since he had so miraculously preserved him from death! With what fervency would he again offer up thanksgiving and prayer for himself, and for the church of God! What a night was this, ever to be remembered by Daniel, and by all the servants of the Most High!

62. Let us turn now to see what was passing in the city. By the enemies of Daniel the night was probably spent in feasting and revelry. They supposed, that they had now got rid of the man, who gave them so much uneasiness, by his holy life, and his elevation above them.

63. They settled who should fill the vacant seats in government. They congratulated each other on the success of their scheme. They planned measures of future prosperity, and derided the friends and adherents of the fallen president, for their superstition and folly.

64. They blasphemed the God of heaven, reproached his worship and cause, and flattered themselves, that there would be none who would dare, after this, openly to profess the religion of Daniel.

65. Others kept the night in fasting and prayer. It was a season of sorrow to all the Jews, and to all who feared God, or respected innocence and piety. Above all, it was a night of sorrow to the king.

66. The king went to his palace, and passed the night in fasting; neither were instruments of music brought before him, and his sleep went from him.—Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions.

67. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel; and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?

68. Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.

69. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found on him, because he believed in his God.

70. And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in

pieces, or ever they came at the bottom of the den.

71. One observation only shall be made upon this part of the story. That which most deserves our attention, is not the miracle which was wrought for Daniel, but the faithfulness which he manifested, in the hour of trial.

72. The miracle, indeed, shows the notice God takes of the conduct of his servants, and the approbation with which he beholds their faithfulness; but if no miracle had been wrought, and the lions had been suffered to devour this holy man, his faithfulness would have shone with equal lustre, and his God would have been as truly honoured by him: for we are to judge of the true characters of men, and of the glory they bring to God, not by any events which may befall them, but by their dispositions and conduct.

73. We have ordinarily, no right to expect a miracle to be wrought in our favour, but we may all be placed in such circumstances, as to have an opportunity to manifest the same kind of attachment to God and religion, which Daniel did.

74. Nay, there is no man living, who is not frequently placed in such a situation, as that he may shew plainly, whether he is influenced by a regard for God, and whether he is willing to make any sacrifices for his sake, and for the sake of religion.

75. While we admire the excellency of Daniel, may this story teach us to imitate him, both in that constancy of prayer, by which he

attained such excellence, and in that reverence for God, which will incline us, in like manner, to part with every thing for his sake, when we are called to it.

76. And may we take notice, that though Daniel was advanced in life, when he was honoured by being so wonderfully preserved in the den of lions, yet when he first began to fear and serve God, he was young; and was, therefore, an amiable example of early piety, which young people would do well to reflect upon, and to imitate.

## THE LYING BOY.

1. Mendax was a youth of good parts, and of many amiable accomplishments: but by keeping bad company, he had contracted the odious practice of lying. His word was scarcely ever believed by his friends; and he was often suspected of faults, and punished for them, only because he denied them.

2. The experience of every day might have convinced him of the disadvantages of being thought a liar. He had a garden filled with the choicest flowers, which he had cultivated with a great deal of care. It happened one day, that the cattle of a neighbouring pasture had broken down the fence; and he found them trampling upon, and destroying a bed of fine marigolds.

3. He could not drive these ravagers away, without injuring other parts of his garden,

which were still more valuable: so he ran to procure the assistance of the gardener. "You intend to make a fool of me," said the man, who refused to go, as he gave no credit to the relation of Mendax. The consequence was, that his garden was almost wholly destroyed.

4. One frosty day, his father had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and to break one of his legs. Mendax was present, and was very much affected with the accident, but was not able to afford him the necessary help.

5. He was therefore obliged to leave him, in this painful condition, on the ground, which was then covered with snow; and with all speed, he rode to the next village, to ask for the assistance of the first benevolent person he should meet with: but his character, as a liar, was so well known, that few to whom he applied paid any attention to his story; and no one believed it.

6. After losing much time in fruitless entreaties, he returned with a sorrowful heart, and with his eyes bathed in tears, to the place where the accident happened. But his father had been removed by a coach, which fortunately passed that way, and which conveyed him to his own house, whither Mendax soon followed him.

7. A lusty boy, about whom Mendax had told some falsehoods, often way-laid him, as he went to school, and beat him with great severity. For some time, Mendax bore this chastisement in silence, knowing that he deserved it. At last, however, he complained to his father of the ill usage which he met with.

8. His father applied to the parents of the boy who abused him: But he could obtain no redress from them, and only received the following painful answer: "Your son is a notorious liar, and we pay no regard to his assertions." Mendax was therefore obliged to submit to the wonted correction, until the other boy judged that he had punished him sufficiently for his lies.

9. Such were the evils, in which this unfortunate youth almost daily involved himself, by the habit of lying. At length, he became sensible of his misconduct, and began to reflect upon it with seriousness and sorrow. He soon resolved to amend: he set a guard upon his words; spoke but little, and always with caution and reserve: and he soon found, by sweet experience, that truth is infinitely better than falsehood.

10 By degrees, the love of truth prevailed in his mind to such a degree, that nothing would tempt him to violate it. This happy change restored him to the esteem of his friends, to the confidence of the public, and to the peace of his own conscience.

## *THE FOOLISH MAN.*

1. A countryman, who once wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, with the foolish expectation, that so rapid a current would soon discharge all its waters.

2. But the stream still flowed, and increased by fresh torrents from the mountains: and it must forever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible.

3. Thus does the idle and irresolute youth trifle over his books, or waste in play his precious moments; putting off the task of improvement, which at first is easy, but which will become more and more difficult, the longer it is neglected.

4. How much wiser is he, who immediately sets about improving his time, and spends the golden season of youth in treasuring up knowledge, and in preparing to act his part upon the stage of life, with honour and advantage.

## *THE CRYING GIRL.*

1. A little girl, who used to weep bitterly for the most trifling hurt, was one day attacked by a furious dog. Her cries reached the servants of the family; but they paid little attention to what they were so much accustomed to hear.

2. In consequence of which, the poor girl might have been torn to pieces, had not a countryman happened to pass by, who was so kind as to rescue her from the devouring teeth of the dog.

## INTEMPERANCE.

1. Cyrus, when he was a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before he presented it to the king.

2. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup, in a very graceful manner, to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness.

2. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you was a king.

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## THE MOTH.

1. The moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, plays round the flame, till at last it is consumed with the heat. Is not this a fit emblem of those heedless ones, who play around the verge of evil, till at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin!

2. The moth is an animal of so delicate a texture, that a slight touch crushes it to pieces. It is, therefore, the last creature in the world, to sustain the attack of so terrible an enemy as

fire. Yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its entire destruction.

3. Be not deceived, therefore, by fair appearances. Vice, folly, and danger often lurk under the most inviting forms.

Sweetest leaves the rose adorn,
Yet beneath them lurks the thorn:
Fair and flowery is the brake,
Yet it hides the speckled snake.

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## *THE SPEECH OF A BUTTERFLY TO A PHILOSOPHER.*

1. Thou hast seen me a creeping worm, in danger of being crushed by the foot of the traveller, unable to protect myself from injury. I claimed thy compassion, and thou turnedst thy foot and didst let me live: thou wouldest not wantonly kill a creature to which thy Creator had given life.

2. Thou hast seen me spin a web of the finest silk from the substance of my body, (without knowing my future destiny) and enclosing myself within it, apparently without life, as if my final doom were come.

3. Thou hast seen me emerge from the tomb, with all the sprightliness and vigour of youth, arrayed with wings of the finest texture, and adorned with colours superior to the robes of kings. Thou hast observed these wonderful changes of my condition, and now beheldest

me an inhabitant of earth or air, at my plea sure.

4. Is not he who formed me, wise and powerful? Is he not gracious and beneficent? He implanted a law within me, which has brought me to this happy state: I obeyed it even to death, not knowing it was the way to resurrection and life.

5. Canst thou contemplate on my being, and not be instructed? Canst thou think on my Maker, and believe that he hath been less kind to thee? He hath written a law within thy heart, to be the guide of thy life, and canst thou think that it is not preparatory to a future scene?

6. Is not thy sphere of action greater than that of a worm? Canst thou doubt, if thou art obedient to thy Creator, that he will bring thee to a state of felicity, of which thou canst now have no more conception, than I had once of my present enjoyment.

7. Oft on the flower, embosom'd in perfume,
Thou seest gay butterflies in beauty bloom;
With curious eye, the wondrous insect scan,
By heaven ordain'd a three-fold type of man.

8. First, from the dung-hill sprang the shining form,
And crawl'd to view, a hideous, loathsome worm;
To creep, with toil, his inch-long journies curs'd,
The ground his mansion, and his food the dust;
To the next plant, his moment o'er, he drew,
And built his tomb, and turn'd to earth anew.

9. Oft, from the leaf depending, hast thou seen
Their tombs, with gold bedropp'd and cloth'd in green;
There slept the expectant, till the plastic beam
Purg'd his vile dross, and bade his splendors flame.
Then burst the bonds: at once in glory rise,
His form etherial, and his changing dyes;
Full on the lucid morn his wings unfold,
Starr'd with strong light, and gay in living gold.

10. Through fields of air, at large, the wonder flies,
Wafts on the beams, and mounts th' expanding skies;
O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph waves,
Imbibes their fragrance, and their charms outbraves;
The birds his kindred, heaven his mansion claims,
And shines, and wantons, in the noon-day flames.

11. So man, poor worm! the nurseling of a day!
Springs from the dust, and dwells in humble clay;
Around his little mole-hill doom'd to creep,
To drag life's load and end his toil with sleep.
In silence, to the grave his form descends,
And waits the trump that time and nature ends.

12. Then, wing'd with light, the deathless man shall rise,
Sail thro' yon stars, and soar from skies to skies;

See heavens, o'er heavens, beneath him lessening roll,
And feel the Godhead warm his changing soul;
From beauty's fount inhale th' immortal ray,
And grow from light to light, in cloudless day;
Mid morn's fair legions, crown'd with grace be known,
The peer of angels, and of God the son.

## *CRUELTY PUNISHED.*

1. A pack of ravenous fox hounds were half starved in their kennel, to render them more furious and eager in the chace: and were severely lashed, every day, by a merciless keeper, that they might be disciplined to the strictest observance of his looks and commands.

2. It happened one day, that this petty tyrant entered the kennel without his scourge. The dogs observed his defenceless state, and instantly flying upon him, at once satisfied their hunger and revenge, by tearing him to pieces.

3. Whilst you pity the unhappy fate of the keeper, you should lament, that in a civilized country, such cruelty should be exercised as to give occasion to it.

## *CRUELTY TO INSECTS.*

1. A certain youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched, with pleasure, their impotent efforts to escape from him.

2. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying, like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation which he committed, and in counting over the number of the slain.

3. Alexis remonstrated with him, in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, or that they have a right, as well as ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment.

4. The signs of agony and distress, which they discover, when tormented, by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he did not understand, nor would he pay any attention to them. He was so taken up with his favourite sport, that he had no time to think of any thing else.

5. Alexis had a microscope; and he desired this lad one day to look through it, and examine a most beautiful and surprising animal, which he had caught. Mark, says he, how it is studded from head to tail, with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles!

6. The head contains a pair of lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other.

The whole body is ornamented with plumes, and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes.

7. Pleased and astonished at what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. The glass through which he looked was then removed; when this beautiful creature proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

8. After this he was never known to be guilty of depriving any creature of life, unless it was necessary; and then he always did it in that manner, which would give the least pain; and never allowed himself to take pleasure in acts of cruelty.

## *THE SLOTH AND THE BEAVER.*

1. The Sloth is an animal of South America, and is so ill formed for motion, that a few paces are often a journey of a week; and so averse to move, that he never changes his place, but when he is impelled by the severest hunger.

2. He lives upon the leaves, fruit and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itself when nothing else remains for his subsistence. As a large quantity of food is necessary for his support, he generally strips a tree of all its verdure in less than a fortnight: and being then destitute of food, he drops down, like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground.

3. After remaining torpid some time, from the shock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to some neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with so slow a motion, that it can hardly be perceived. At length arrived, he ascends the trunk, and devours with famished appetite, whatever the branches afford.

4. By consuming the bark, he soon destroys the life of the tree; and thus the source is lost, from which his sustenance is derived. Such is the miserable state of this slothful animal.

5. How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the industrious Beaver! This creature is found in the northern parts of America, and is about two feet long and one foot high. The shape of it somewhat resembles that of a rat.

6. In the months of June and July, the beavers assemble, and form a society, which generally consists of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of a lake or river; and in order to make a dead water, they erect with incredible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps fourscore hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick.

7. When this dike is completed, they build their several apartments, which are divided into three stories. The first is beneath the level of the ground, and is for the most part full of water. The walls of their habitations are perpendicular, and about two feet thick.

8. If any wood projects from their houses, they cut it off with their teeth, which are more serviceable than saws; and by the help of their

tails, they plaster all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare of dry grass and clay, mixed together.

9. In August or September, they begin to lay up their stores of food; which consists of the wood of the birch, the plane, and of some other trees. Thus they pass the gloomy winter in ease and plenty.

10. These two American animals, contrasted with each other, afford a most striking picture of the blessings of industry; and of the want and wretchedness, which attend upon sloth and idleness.

11. I went by the field of the slothful, says Solomon, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding: and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

12. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction. A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again. He saith, there is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets.

13. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack mind: but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.—He that gathereth in summer, is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest, is a son that causeth shame. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.

## *INCREDULITY CONDEMNED.*

1. Sophron asserted that he could hear the scratch of a pin at the distance of ten yards. It is *impossible*, said Alexis; and immediately appealed to Euphronius, who was walking with them.

2. Though I do not believe, replied Euphronius, that Sophron's ears are more acute than yours, yet I disapprove of your hasty decision concerning the *impossibility* of what you so little understand. You are ignorant of the nature of sound, and of the various means by which it may be increased, or quickened in its progress; and modesty should lead you, in such a case, to suspend your judgment, till you have made proper inquiries on the subject.

3. An opportunity now presents itself, which will afford Sophron the satisfaction he desires. Place your ear at one end of this long stick of timber, and I will scratch the other end with a pin. Alexis did so, and distinctly heard the sound; which being conveyed through the tubes of the wood, was increased in loudness, as in a speaking trumpet, or the horn of the huntsman.

4. A disposition to believe things too easily, or to disbelieve every thing, which we cannot immediately see the reason of, are equally unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge. They both preclude inquiry and leave the mind satisfied with ignorance or error.

## *AN EXPERIMENT.*

1. It was a clear frosty day; the sun shone bright, and the ground was covered with snow, when Euphronius invited Alexis, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, to assist him in a little experiment, which he thought would contribute to their instruction and amusement.

2. He took four pieces of woollen cloth, equal in size, but of different colours; one being *black*, another *blue*, a third *brown*, and a fourth *white*. Having chosen a proper situation, he laid them all, very near each other, on the surface of the snow.

3. In a few hours, the black piece of cloth had sunk down a good way below the surface; the blue had settled almost as much; the brown had sunk a little; but the white remained exactly on the surface, where it was first laid.

4. Observe, said Euphronius, how different is the influence of the sun's rays on different colours! All its rays are received and retained by the *black;* and therefore, in the piece of cloth before us, they have produced such a strong and durable heat, as to melt the snow underneath.

5. Their effect on the *blue* is nearly similar; but they seem not to penetrate the *white* at all: accordingly, the piece of that colour, by having no warmth communicated to it, still continues on the surface of the snow.

5. This little experiment teaches you, Emilia, that white hats will afford the best defence to your complexion; but that they should have

dark linings, to absorb the rays of light, which are reflected from the earth; otherwise they will be thrown upon your face.

7. You may learn from it, Alexis, that clothes of a light colour, are best adapted to summer, and to hot climates; that black substances acquire heat sooner, and retain it longer than any others, and should therefore always be chosen where warmth is desired.

8. There are other useful lessons, which may be learned from this experiment, which I shall leave to you the pleasure of discovering. Allow me only to remind you that knowledge and virtue may be justly compared to rays of light; and that your hearts should be like these pieces of cloth.

9. Like the black, they should receive every useful and good impression; and like the white, they should reflect the good which they receive, upon all around them: Then would ye be loved and admired by others, and be happy in yourselves.

## *THE CAMELEON.*

1. The Cameleon is a small quadruped, in shape resembling a crocodile, and chiefly found in Arabia and Egypt. It is a mistake that this animal feeds upon air, as some have supposed; for his stomach is always found to contain flies, and other insects.

2. Mr. Le Bruyn, during his abode in Smyr-

na, had four Cameleons in his possession. He never perceived that they eat any thing, except now and then a fly. Their colour often changed, without any apparent cause; but their most durable one was grey, or rather a pale mouse colour.

3. Sometimes, these animals were a beautiful green, spotted with yellow; at other times, they were marked, all over with dark brown; but he never found that they assumed a red colour.

4. These properties of the Cameleon have given rise to the following fable, which was written by Mr. Merrick, and shows, in a lively and striking manner, the folly of being too positive in our opinions.

5. Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd, at most,
To guard their master 'gainst a post:
Yet round the world the blade had been,
To see whatever could be seen;
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before.

6. Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

7. Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,

Discourse'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.

8. "A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun;
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
"Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then, its hue—
"Whoever saw so fine a *blue?*"

9. "Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis *green*—I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease, the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."

10. "I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it *blue.*
"At leisure, I the beast survey'd,
"Extended in the cooling shade."

11. "'Tis *green*, 'tis *green*, Sir, I assure ye."—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find them of but little use."

12. So high at last the contest rose,
From words, they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew,
Whether the thing was *green* or *blue.*

13. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother—

"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle light;
"I mark'd it well—t'was *black* as jet—
"You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do:
"I'll lay my life the thing is *blue*."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him *green*."

14. "Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man; "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him *black* I'll eat him."
He said: then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast: and lo! 'twas *white*.

## *CAROLINE; OR A LESSON TO CURE VANITY.*

1. A plain white frock had hitherto been the only dress of Caroline. Silver buckles in her red morocco shoes; and her ebon hair, which had never felt the torturing iron, flowed upon her shoulders in graceful ringlets, and in all the charming simplicity of nature.

2. Being one day in company with some little girls, who, though no older than herself, were dressed in all the empty parade of fashion; the glare and glitter of those fine clothes raised in her heart a desire she had never before felt.

3. As soon as she got home, "My dear mamma, (said she) I have this afternoon seen Miss

Flippant and her two sisters, whom you very well know.—The eldest is not older than myself, and yet they are all dressed in the most elegant manner.

4. "Their parents must certainly take pleasure in seeing them so finely dressed; and as they are not richer than you are, do, my dear mamma, let me have a fine silk slip, embroidered shoes like theirs, and let my hair be dressed by Mr. Frizzle, who is said to be a very capital man in his profession."

5. Her mother replied that she should have no objections to gratify her wishes, provided it would add to her happiness; but she was rather fearful it might have a contrary effect. As Miss Caroline could not give in to this mode of thinking, she requested her mamma to explain her reasons for what she had said.

6. "Because (said her mother) you will be in continual fear of spotting your silk slip, and of soiling your fine shoes, whenever you wear them.

7. "A dress like that of Miss Flippant will require the utmost care and attention to preserve it from accidents; for a single spot will spoil its beauty, and you very well know there is no washing of silks. And however extensive my fortune may be, it is not sufficient to purchase you silk gowns so often as you would wish to have them."

8. Miss Caroline considered these arguments as very trifling, and promised to give her mamma no uneasiness by her carelessness in wearing her fine clothes.

9. Though her mamma consented to let her be dressed in the manner she requested, yet she desired her to remember the hints she had given her of the vexations to which her vanity would expose her.

10. Miss Caroline, on whom this good advice had no effect, lost not a moment in destroying all the pleasure and enjoyment of her infancy.

11. Her hair, which before hung down in careless ringlets, was now twisted up in paper, and squeezed between a pair of burning tongs; and that fine jet, which had hitherto so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead, was lost under a clod of powder and pomatum.

12. In a few days the mantua-maker arrived with a fine slip of pea-green taffety, with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of shoes elegantly worked to answer the slip.

13. The sight of them gave great pleasure to Caroline: but it was easy to be perceived that when she had them on, her limbs were under great restraint, and her motions had lost their accustomed ease and freedom.

14. That innocence and candour, which used to adorn her lovely countenance, began to be lost amidst the profusion of flowers, silks, gauzes and ribbons.

15. The novelty of her appearance, however, quite enchanted her. Her eyes, with uncommon eagerness, wandered over every part of her dress, and were seldom removed, unless to take a general survey of the whole, in a pier-glass.

16. She prevailed on her mamma to let her

sand for all her little acquaintances to visit her, in order that she might enjoy the inexpressible pleasure of being gazed at.

17. As soon as they were met, she would walk backwards and forwards before them, like a peacock, and seem to consider herself as the empress of the world, and they as her vassals.

18. The little ladies, perceiving the extreme vanity of Caroline, were resolved to mortify it. This they did very effectually, in the following manner. They proposed, as was customary when they met together, to take a ramble in the fields.

19. Miss Caroline agreed to accompany them, and led the way. What first attracted their attention was a beautiful meadow, enamelled with a variety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whose wings were of various colours, hovered over the surface.

20. The little ladies amused themselves with hunting these butterflies, which they dextrously caught, without hurting them; and as soon as they had examined their beauties, let them fly again. Of the flowers that sprang beneath their feet, they made nosegays formed in the prettiest manner.

21. Miss Caroline longed to share in this diversion, as she used to do, with her little visitants, but they told her that the dampness of the grass would infallibly stain her fine shoes, and hurt her silk slip.

22. Miss Caroline was of course under the necessity, of being solitary and inactive, while her companions sported on the grass, without fear of incommoding themselves.

23. The pleasure she had lately taken, in viewing her fine slip and shoes, was, at this moment, but a poor compensation for the happiness which she thereby lost.

24. On one side of the meadow grew a fine grove of trees, which resounded with the various notes of innumerable birds, which seemed to invite every one that passed by, to come and partake of the indulgences of the shade. The little maidens entered this grove, jumping and sporting, without fearing any injury to their clothes.

25. Miss Caroline would have followed them, but they advised her not to do it, telling her that the bushes would certainly tear her fine trimmings. She plainly saw that her friends, who were joyously sporting among the trees, were making themselves merry at her expense, and therefore grew peevish and ill-humoured.

26. The youngest of her visitors, however, had some sort of compassion on her. She had just discovered a corner where a quantity of fine wild strawberries grew, when she called to Miss Caroline, and invited her to eat part of them.

27. This she readily attempted: but no sooner had she entered the grove, than she was obliged to call out for help. Hereupon the children all gathered to the spot, and found poor Caroline fastened by the gauze of her hat to a branch of white thorn, from which she could not disengage herself.

28. They immediately took out the pins that fastened her hat; but to add to her misfortunes,

so her hair, which had been frizzled with so much labour, was also entangled with the branches of the white thorn, it cost her almost a whole lock, before she could be set at liberty.

29. Thus, in an instant, was all the boasted superstructure of her head-dress put into confusion.

30. After what had passed, it cannot be difficult to suppose, in what manner her play-mates viewed this accident. Instead of consolation, of which Caroline stood in much need, they could not refrain from laughing at the odd figure which she made, and did actually torment her with an hundred witty jokes.

31. After having put her a little into order, they quitted her, in search of new amusements, and were soon seen at the top of a neighbouring hill. Miss Caroline found it very difficult to reach this hill; for her fine shoes that were made very tight, in order to set off her feet the better, greatly retarded her speed.

32. Nor was this the only inconvenience; for her stays were drawn so close, that she could not properly breathe. She would very willingly have gone home to change her dress, in order to be more at ease; but she well knew that her friends would not give up their amusements to please her caprice.

33. Her play-mates having reached the summit of the hill, enjoyed the beautiful prospect that surrounded them on all sides. On one hand were seen verdant meadows; on the other, the riches of the harvest, with meandering streams that in-

intersected the fields, and country seats and cottages scattered here and there.

34. So grand a prospect could not fail of delighting them, and they danced about for joy: while poor Caroline found herself obliged to remain below, overwhelmed with sorrow, at not being able to get up the hill.

35. In such a situation, she had leisure enough to make the most serious reflections. "To what purpose (said she to herself) am I dressed in these fine clothes? Of what a deal of pleasure do they debar me, and do not all my present sufferings arise merely from the possession of them?"

36. She was giving up her mind to these distressing thoughts, when she suddenly saw her friends come running down the hill, and all crying out together, as they passed her, "Run, run, Caroline! there is a terrible storm behind the hill, and it is coming towards us! if you do not make haste, your fine silk slip will be nicely soused!"

37. The fear of having her slip spoiled, recalled her strength; for she forgot her weariness, pinched feet, and tight laced waist, and made all the haste she could to get under cover.

38. In spite of all her efforts, however, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were not incommoded by their dresses

39. Every moment produced some obstacle to her speed; at one time, by her hoop and flounces, in the narrow paths she had to pass through: at another by her train, of which the furzes fr -

quently took hold: and at others, by the fine scaffold work about her head, on which the wind beat down the branches of such trees as she was obliged to pass under, in her progress home.

40. At last, down came the storm with great fury, and hail and rain mixed together, fell in torrents. All her companions were safe at home before it began, and none were exposed to its rage but poor Caroline, who indeed got home at last, but in a most disastrous condition.

41. She had left one of her fine shoes behind her in a large mudhole, which, in her precipitate flight, she had hurried over without observing it. And to fill up the measure of her misfortunes, just as she had got over the meadow, a sudden gust of wind made free with her hat, and blew it into a pond of stagnated and filthy water.

42. So completely soaked was every thing she had on, and the heat and rain had so glued her linen to her, that it was with some difficulty they got her undressed: as to her silk slip, it indeed afforded a miserable spectacle of fallen pride and vanity.

43. Her mother seeing her in tears, jocosely said to her, "My dear, shall I have another slip made for you against to-morrow?"—"Oh no, mamma, (answered Caroline, kissing her,) I am perfectly convinced from experience, that fine clothes cannot add to the happiness of the wearer. Let me again have my nice white frock and plain shoes, and I will no more be so foolish and vain.

44. Caroline soon appeared in her former dress, and with it she recovered her usual ease and freedom, and looked more modest and pleasing than she ever did in her gaudy finery. And her mamma did not regret the loss which she had sustained, since it was the means of bringing her daughter back to reason and prudence.

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## *THE PEASANT AND THE ROGUES.*

1. A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass, and the goat followed him with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver; and with this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. I shall then be the finest man at the mosque."

2. While the peasant was thus pleasing himself with his *future* enjoyments, three artful rogues contrived a stratagem to plunder him of his *present* treasures. They agreed together what part each of them should act, and then set themselves to accomplish their fraudulent design.

3. As the peasant moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and fastening it without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the ass, and hearing the

sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained.

4. Happening, however, a short time afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches; and he enquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

5. The second rogue now came up to him, and said, "I have just seen, in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant immediately dismounted, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief.

6. He instantly began the pursuit; and having traversed in vain, the course that was pointed out to him, he came back fatigued and breathless, to the place from whence he set out; where he neither found his ass nor the deceitful informer to whose care he had intrusted him.

7. As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, he was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathise with a brother in distress; recounted his own misfortunes; and enquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him.

8. Alas! said the poor man, in the most pit-

eous tone of voice, as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I shall be put to death, on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure.

9. Why do you not jump into the well, in search of the casket? cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance Because it is deep, replied the man, and I can neither dive nor swim: But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver.

10. The peasant accepted the offer with exultation; and, whilst he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his heart in thanksgiving for this providential succour. I shall now repair my loss, said he, and shall do a great kindness, besides, to this poor man.

11. But the moment he plunged into the water in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

12. Thus through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, but a tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

13. This story may teach us not to trust too much to the honesty of others, especially of strangers; who may appear, indeed to be desti-

tute of any ill design, and may even offer to oblige and assist us; and all this they may do, the more effectually and securely to deceive and defraud us.

## THE VALUE OF FRIENDS.

1. One of the emperors of China, on his accession to the throne, commanded a general release from the prisons of all that were confined for debt. Amongst the number, there was an old man, who had been an early victim to adversity, and whose period of imprisonment, as appeared by the notches, which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, had been no less than fifty years.

2. With faltering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow: His eyes are dazzled with the splendor of light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail, in which he had been imprisoned, was at some distance from Pekin; and he directed his course to that city, impatient to enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

3. With difficulty, he found his way to the street, in which formerly stood his decent habitation; and his heart became more elevated, at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around; but saw few of those objects, with which he was formerly acquainted.

4. A magnificent edifice was erected on the spot, where his house had been: The dwellings

of his neighbours had assumed, new forms; and he beheld not a single face, of which he had the least recollection. An aged beggar, who stood, with trembling knees, at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by an insolent servant, struck his attention.

5. He stopped to give him a pittance out of the bounty, with which he had been supplied by the emperor's liberality; and in return, he received from the object of his charity, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to want and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

6. Overwhelmed with disappointment and anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission. Casting himself at the feet of the emperor, he thus addressed him:

7. "Great prince, remand me to the prison from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me. I have survived my family and friends! and in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in dreary solitude. I was never so unhappy, as at the present moment.

8. "The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasures, in which I cannot mingle; and see the cup of happiness, of which I must never taste."

9. If the horrors of a dungeon be preferred to the world at large, by the man who is bereft of his kindred and friends, how highly should you prize, how tenderly should you love, and how studious should you be to please those near and dear relations, whom a kind Providence has yet preserved to you!

10. Listen to the affectionate counsels of your parents; treasure up their precepts: respect their riper judgment; and enjoy, with gratitude and delight, the advantages resulting from their society.

11. Cherish a proper regard for your brothers and sisters; consider them as your best companions, through the variegated journey of life; and suffer no jealousies or feuds to interrupt the harmony, which should forever reign among those of the same family.

12. Study to merit the approbation of the wise and good, endeavour to qualify yourself by the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of benevolence, for the intercourse of mankind; and you will at once be an ornament to society, and derive the highest satisfaction to yourself.

## *THE CRITIC.*

1. Aurelia, though in other respects she was sufficiently good tempered, yet had contracted one great fault; and that was calumny. She published every where what she conceived amiss in others, though they were her dearest friends.

2. If at any time she heard of the least failing or imprudence in any one, or even if she was told that any thing of an unfavourable kind was suspected, she would immediately run into company and broach it, as if it were an undoubted fact, without any regard to the reputation or feelings of others.

3. And from an eagerness of reporting things of this kind, and of making them appear credible, she would sometimes add circumstances drawn from her own imagination, and would give a false colouring to those which were founded in truth.

4. You may easily conceive what evils were produced by such a conduct. It was not long before one family was set against another, in the neighbourhood, and mutual confidence, love, and peace were suddenly banished from those, whose company the little girl frequented.

5. People went so far, at last, as to shut their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretched creature tainted with the plague: but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice, which custom had so deeply rivetted in her nature.

6. The credit of her reformation was reserved for Amanda, her cousin, who was now the only person that would receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to show her the enormity of her behaviour, and preserve her from utter ruin.

7. Miss Aurelia went one day to see her cousin, and employed an hour or two in telling slanderous stories about all her acquaintance, al-

though she knew with what uneasiness her cousin heard them. It was all the same to her.

8. And now, my dear Amanda, said she, having stopped for want of breath, your turn is come to tell me something. You see company enough to have a stock of little anecdotes ready at your hands.

9. My dear Aurelia, said Amanda, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasure of their company; and I am not such an ideot as to lose it by remarking their defects.

10. Besides, I find within myself so many, that I cannot possibly have time to think of those in others. And having the greatest need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine.

11. I rather choose to fix my attention on those commendable qualities which I see in them, and so endeavour to acquire them. One must be persuaded of a faultless character one's self, before one can proceed to note the faults of others.

12. I congratulate you upon this faultless character, which I, on the other hand, am so unhappy as to want. Continue, my cousin, in this employment of a charitable censor, that you may lead mankind to virtue, by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others, by such generous conduct.

13. Aurelia could not fail of being conscious that she was, long ere this, become a public object of aversion and disgust; and therefore severely felt the satire of her cousin.

14. She began, from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness upon the consequences of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs she had caused, and was now determined to prevent their progress.

15. It was difficult, in the beginning, to leave off a custom, which she had so long indulged in, of beholding things on the unfavourable side; but what can long withstand a steady resolution?

16. She was, in the end, so totally reformed, that it became as natural for her to look for the virtues of others, as it had before been to search for their faults. She was now the first to attempt to set doubtful actions in such a point of view, as that they might appear excusable.

17. When she could not do this, she would say, I don't know every circumstance attending them: no doubt but there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with.

18. In short, whenever, as it sometimes chances, the nature of the case would not admit of any excuse or indulgence, she would pity the offender, and endeavour to say as little as possible about the offence.

19. However, it was very long indeed before she could regain those hearts, her former conduct had alienated. People had avoided her with so much care for years, that she seemed forgotten, just as if she had withdrawn herself from the world.

20. No wonder then she should suppose herself condemned to pass her days in solitude, de-

prived of all those pleasures that accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a chosen number of friends.

21. She however, at length, recovered her character, was married to a gentleman of good sense and fortune, and was esteemed and respected by all worthy people.

22. She has given me leave to write her story in this book, for the instruction of my young friends, if there be any like her who may read it. For my part, I pretend not to say that I know any such: but if there should be, I persuade myself, that after reading this story, they will set about a reformation.

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## *THE SPARROW'S NEST.*

1. Billy Willim, having one day espied a sparrow's nest, under the eaves of the house, ran directly to inform his sisters of the important discovery, and they immediately fell into consultation about the manner in which they should take it.

2. It was at last agreed that they should wait till the young ones were feathered, that Billy should then place a ladder up against the wall and that his sisters should hold it fast below, while he mounted after the prize.

3. As soon as they thought these poor little creatures were properly grown, preparations were made for the execution of their intended plan. The old birds flew backwards and for-

wards about the nest, and expressed, as well as they were able, the sorrow and affliction they felt, on being robbed of their young.

4. Billy and his two sisters, however, paid no regard to their piteous moans; for they took the nest, with three young ones in it. As they had now got the innocent prisoners in their possession, the next thing to be considered was what they should do with them.

5. The youngest sister, being of a mild and tender hearted disposition, proposed putting them into a cage, promising to look after them herself, and to see that they wanted for nothing. She reminded her brother and sister how pretty it would be, to see and hear those birds when grown up.

6. Billy, however, was of a very different opinion; for he insisted on it, that it would be better to pluck off their feathers, and then set them down in the middle of the room, as it would be very funny to see how they would hop about without feathers.—The eldest sister was of the same way of thinking as the younger; but Billy was determined to have the matter entirely his own way.

7. The two little ladies, finding they were not likely to have things as they wished, gave up the point, without much hesitation; for Billy had already begun to strip the poor helpless birds. As fast as he plucked them, he put them down on the floor, and it was not long before the little birds were stripped of all their tender feathers.

8. The poor things cried, *Weet! Weet!* and

complained in the most piteous accents; they shook their little wings, and shuddered with the cold.

9. Billy, however, who had not the least kind of feeling for their sufferings, carried his persecutions still further, pushing them with his toe to make them go on, when they stopped, and laughing most heartily whenever they staggered, or tumbled down, through weakness.

10. Though his two sisters, at the first setting off, had pleaded against this cruel kind of sport, yet seeing their brother so merry on the occasion, they forgot their former humanity, and joined in the cruel sport with him. Such is the influence of bad example.

11. In the midst of this cruel kind of enjoyment, at a distance they saw their papa approaching. This put them into some confusion, and each pocketed a bird. They would have avoided their papa, but he called to them, and asked their reason for wishing to shun him. They approached him very slowly, with their eyes cast downwards, which convinced him that something amiss was going forwards.

12. On their answering that they were only playing, their papa observed to them, that they very well knew he never denied them innocent amusement, but on the contrary was always glad to see them cheerful and happy.

13. He took notice, that they all held a hand in their pockets, upon which he insisted on their pulling them out, and letting him see what it was they endeavoured to conceal. They were obliged to comply, much against their wills.

when each produced a poor bird that had been stripped of its feathers.

14. Mr. Wilkin was filled with pity and indignation, and gave each of them a look that was more dreadful than any words he could have spoken. After a short silence, Billy attempted to justify himself by saying, that it was a droll sight to see sparrows hopping about without any feathers, and he could see no harm in it.

15. "Can you, then, (said Mr. Wilkin to Billy,) take pleasure in seeing innocent creatures suffer, and hear their cries without pity?" Billy said he did not see how they could suffer from having a few feathers pulled off.

16. His papa, to convince him of his error, pulled a few hairs from his head, when he roared out loudly with the pain. "What would your pain be, then, (said his papa,) were I thus to pluck all the hair out of your head?"

17. "You are sensible of the pain you now feel, but you were insensible of the torment to which you put these innocent creatures, that never offended you. But that you, Misses, should join in such an act of cruelty, very much surprises me!" The young ladies stood motionless, and then, without being able to say a word, sat down with their eyes swimming with tears; which their papa observing, said no more to them.

18. But Billy still persisted in his opinion, that he did the birds no harm; on the contrary, he said they showed their pleasure, by clapping their wings and chirping. "They clapped their wings (said Mr. Wilkin) from the pain you put

them to; and what you call chirping, were cries and lamentations.

19. "Could those birds have expressed themselves in your speech, you would have heard them say, "Ah father and mother, save us, for we have fallen into the hands of cruel children, who have robbed us of our feathers! We are cold and in pain. Come warm us, and cure us, or we shall soon die!"

20. The little ladies could no longer refrain from crying out, and accusing Billy of leading them into this act of cruelty. Billy himself now seemed to be sensible of his fault, and felt not only the smart of having a few hairs pulled out of his head, but the reproaches of his conscience.

21. It appeared to the father, that there was now no need of adding to the punishment of his children; but only to caution them, never, in future, to torment any creature unnecessarily, but to pity their distresses, and do all they could to relieve them. And I never heard that Billy, or his sisters, were guilty, after this, of any cruel conduct towards the little birds, or any dumb creature; but were very good children.

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## *THE INORDINATE DESIRE OF WEALTH CURED BY A DREAM.*

1. I live upon a stony piece of ground, consisting of about one hundred acres, in the township of Abington, about ten miles from Philadelphia.

By great industry in cultivating this farm, and constantly attending the Philadelphia market, I contrived to bring up a large family of children to that age, in which it was necessary to settle them in life.

2. At this time their demands upon me increased, but my resources were stationary. In this situation my mind vented itself in perpetual wishes for wealth, equal to the exigencies of my family.

3. One night, after passing the evening in listening to stories of the immense riches of B—— P——, G—— C——, and others of the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, I had the following dream, which I have been persuaded to communicate to the public.

4. I thought that all the stones on my farm were suddenly converted into gold. The joy I felt, upon this occasion, cannot be described. I walked across my fields with exultation, dazzled with the splendour of the riches which met my eyes wherever I looked.

5. I now began to devise the ways, in which I should employ my suddenly acquired treasures. —I built myself, in imagination, a large house, I got me a carriage, I portioned off my children agreeably to their wishes, I entertained the citizens of Philadelphia, and attended the theatre and other places of public amusement.

6. After satisfying myself with these reflections, I began to think of collecting my wealth into one mass, and putting it into some place of security. It was now near sun down, and I be-

gan to entertain fears from the inroads of my neighbours upon my fields, during the night.

7. I saw, at once, the difficulty of collecting my treasure, in one evening, or even in two or three days. I thought of employing a great many hands for the purpose. But who, said I, will watch them, to prevent their robbing me?

8 I thought of hiring guards. But who, said I, will ensure the fidelity and integrity of these guards? I thought of employing persons, who should first cut off their pockets from their clothes.

9. But said I, they may still rob me, by concealing in their mouths, or swallowing small lumps of my gold. For I felt as great a dread of losing as much of this gold, as a man could conceal in his mouth, as if it had been all I had in the world.

10. My anxiety now became very great; but it was only the beginning of my trouble. I extended my views beyond the moment I have described. I began to think of the kind of building, in which I could secure my wealth. I found upon calculation, that it could not be contained in a house of less size than the large German Lutheran Church, in Philadelphia, and that such a house could not be completed in less than two years.

11. In the mean while, I fancied I saw my gold exposed to plunder, not only by my neighbours, but by thousands of other people, who could not fail of hearing of the opportunity which my fields afforded of acquiring an independence, by a night's excursion to them.

12. In this situation, my soul was torn with unutterable anguish. I sighed and groaned to such a degree, that I awoke my wife, who lay by my side. She was much agitated, and supposing I was very ill, awaked me.

13. Never did any man enjoy an escape from drowning or fire, more than I did my deliverance from the distraction into which my dream had thrown me. I wept several minutes, before I was able to tell my wife the cause of my distress

14. I arose immediately after day break, and visted my stony fields with more pleasure than ever I had done before, in any period of my life. I embraced a smooth stone, on which I had often trodden, and pressing it to my bosom, thanked heaven that it was not gold. Ever since I had this dream, I have envied no man his riches, and have been perfectly contented and thankful.

15. One thing I must not neglect to mention, and that is, that in my wishes for great wealth, before I had this dream, I always said I would employ a part of it in building churches, establishing free schools, and relieving the distresses of the poor: but in my dream, I never once thought of churches, schools, nor of a single poor man, woman, or child, upon the face of the earth.

A FARMER.

## *A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK.*

[*The following story was related by Henry Laurens, Esq. President of Congress, when in London, in 1782. From his own knowledge of the circumstance, he was enabled to attest its truth.*]

1. In the year 1740, a Captain Shurbrick, who commanded a vessel, which had made several voyages to Charleston, in South Carolina, was lying off the bar, almost ready for sailing, when suddenly a tremendous hurricane arose, which continued the whole night.

2. When the morning came, it appeared that much damage had been done, and that Captain Shurbrick's vessel was missing. His friends at Charleston, were alarmed and anxious for his safety. It was the opinion of some that he had gone down as soon as the hurricane commenced; while others thought, that as he was nearly laden, he had pushed away for England.

3. This was the subject of conversation that day. The next night, the lady of a merchant in Charleston, at whose house Captain Shurbrick was very intimate, dreamed that the vessel was lost, but that the Captain was floating on part of the wreck.

4. This she related to her husband, and prevailed upon him to send out a schooner some few leagues, in hopes to assist Captain Shurbrick.

The gentleman did so: the schooner sailed, and returned in the evening, without gaining any information.

5. She dreamed the same that night, and repeated her request to her husband, that the schooner might be again sent out; he was averse to it; but on her importunity complied. The schooner returned, as on the preceding day.

6. She again dreamed that Shurbrick's vessel was lost, and that he was floating on part of the wreck; and again renewed her request. The gentleman objected, that it was well known in Charleston, that he had sent the schooner out twice in consequence of her dreams, which had subjected him to the ridicule of some people, and that were he to do it again, he should be generally laughed at.

7. However, he could not resist his lady's solicitations, and the schooner sailed once more. Late in the evening, as she was making the harbour, an object was discovered at a distance, which, on their approaching it, proved to be Capt. Shurbrick, with one sailor, on a part of the wreck. They took them up, and returned safe to Charleston.

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## *THE HAPPY WATERMAN.*

1. A gentleman and lady, walking on the banks of the river Thames, spied a small ferry boat, with a neatly dressed waterman rowing towards

them.—On his nearer approach, they read on the stern of his boat these words, *The Happy Waterman.*

2. On entering into conversation with him, and enquiring into his situation in life, they found that he had a wife and five children, and supported also an old father and mother-in-law, by his own labour.

3. The gentleman and lady were, upon this, quite surprised at the title he had given himself, and said, "Friend, if this be your situation, how is it that you call yourself the happy waterman?" "I can easily explain this to your satisfaction," answered the young man, "if you will give me leave."

4. They desired him to proceed, and he spoke as follows: "I have observed that our greatest blessings in life are often looked upon as the greatest distresses, and are in fact made such, by means of imprudent conduct.

5. My father and mother died a few years ago and left a large family. My father was a waterman, and I was his assistant, in the management of a ferry boat, by which he supported his family. On his death, it was necessary (in order to pay his debts) to sell our boat. I parted from it—even with tears; but the distress that I felt spurred me on to industry; for I said, I will make use of every kind of diligence to purchase my boat back again.

6. I went to the person who had bought it, and told him my design. He had given five guineas for it, but told me, as I was once the owner, that I should have it whenever I could

raise five pounds. "Shall the boat be mine again?" said I: my heart bounded at the thought!

7. I was at this time married to a good young woman, and we lived in a neighbouring cottage. She was young, healthy and industrious, and so was I; and we tenderly loved one another.—What might we not undertake? My father used to say to me, "Always do what is right; serve and fear God; labour diligently, and spend your money carefully: and Heaven will bless your store."

8. We treasured up these rules, and determined to try the truth of them. My wife had long chiefly supported two aged parents, whom I loved as my own, and the desire of contributing to their support was an additional spur to my endeavours to re-purchase the boat.

9. I entered myself as a day labourer, in the garden of a neighbouring gentleman; and my wife was called occasionally to perform some services at the house, and employed herself in needle-work, spinning or knitting at home. Not a moment in the day was suffered to pass unemployed.

10. We supported ourselves, furnished all the comforts we could to the poor about us, and every week we dropped a little overplus into a fairing box, to buy the Boat. If any accident or charity brought us an additional shilling, we did not enlarge our expense, but kept it for the Boat.

11. The more care we took, the more comfortably we felt, for we were nearer the posses-

sion of our little Boat. Our labour was lightened by our looking forward to the attainment of our wishes.

12. Our family indeed increased, but with it our friends increased also, for the cleanliness and frugality which furnished our cottage, and the content and cheerfulness that appeared in it, drew the notice of our rich neighbours, and particularly of my master and mistress, whose rule was to assist the industrious, but not to encourage the idle.

13. They did not approve of giving money to the poor; but in cold winters, or dear times, allowed us to buy things at a cheaper rate.—This was money to us; for when we counted our little cash for the week's marketing, all that we saved by purchasing things at reduced prices, went into our little box.

14. If my children got a penny at school, for a reward, to buy gingerbread, they brought it home, they said, to help buy the Boat—for they would have no gingerbread till daddy had got his boat again. Thus from time to time, our little store insensibly increased, till one pound only was wanting of the five, when the following accident happened.

15. Coming home, one evening, from my work, I saw in the way a small pocket-book: On opening it, I found a bank note of ten pounds, which plainly enough belonged to my master, for his name was upon it, and I had also seen him pass that way in the evening.

16. It being too late, however, to return to the house, I went on my way. When I told my

family of the accident, the little ones were thrown into a transport of joy. My dears, said I, what is the matter? "Oh! daddy, the Boat! the Boat! we may now have two or three boats!"

17. I checked them by my looks, and asked them if they knew whose money it was? They said, "yours, as you found it." I reminded them that I was not the real owner, and bid them think how they would all feel, supposing a stranger were to take our box of money, if I should happen to drop it, on the day I went to buy back the boat?

18. This thought had the effect that I desired, on their young minds: and I begged it might be a lesson to them never to forget the golden rule of "doing as they would wish others to do to them:" for by attending to this excellent rule, no one would ever do wrong to another.

19. I also took this opportunity to explain to them, that the possession of the boat by dishonest means, would never answer, since we could not expect the blessing of God upon bad deeds. But to go on with my story:

20. The next morning, I put the pocket-book into my bosom, and went to my work, intending as soon as the family rose, to give it to my master.—But what were my feelings, when, on searching my bosom, it was no where to be found? I hastened back, along the road I came, looking diligently all the way, but in vain; there were no traces of any such thing.

21. I would not go into my cottage, because I

wished to save my family the pain I felt; and in hope of still recovering the book, I went back to my work following another path, which I recollected I had also gone by.

22. On my return to the garden gate, I was accosted by the gardener, who, in a threatening tone, told me I was suspected; that our master had lost a pocket-book, and I being the only man absent from the garden, at the hour of work, the rest of the men also denying that they had any such thing, there was every reason to conclude that I must have got it.

23. Before I could answer, my distressed countenance confirmed the suspicion, and another servant coming up said I was detected, for that a person had been sent to my house, and that my wife and family had owned it all, and had described the pocket book.

24. I told them the real fact, but it seemed to every one unlikely to be true; every circumstance was against me, and (my heart trembles to look back upon it) I was arrested, and hurried away to prison! I protested my innocence, but I did not wonder that I gained no credit.

25. I was now in great distress indeed. My poor wife, my dear children, and my grey-headed parents, were all at once plunged into want and misery, instead of the ease and happiness which we were expecting; for we were just arriving at the height of our earthly wishes! I had, however, one consolation left, that I knew I was innocent, and I trusted that by persevering in honesty, all might come right at last.

26. As I had been the cause of the second

loss of the property, though without any design, I resolved, that I would offer the whole of our little store of money to make it good, as far as in my power.—

27. I therefore sent for my wife, to give her this sad commission: but she informed me, that even this sacrifice could be of no avail: for, said she, my master has been at the cottage, when I told him freely how you had found the note, but unfortunately had lost it again; and I added, that I was sure, both I and my husband would make the best return in our power; after which I produced our little fairing-box, and begged him to accept the contents, which had been so long raising, as all we had to offer:

28. But, sir, said the Waterman, conceive my distress, when she added that my master angrily refused, saying, that our being in possession of all that money, was of itself, the clearest proof of my guilt: for it was impossible, with my large family, and no greater opportunities than my neighbours, that I could come honestly by such a sum; therefore he was determined to keep me in gaol, till I should pay the whole.

29. My unhappiness was very great; However my mind, by degrees, began to be more easy, for I grew confident that I should not trust in God, and my own innocence, in vain, and so it happened; for one of my fellow labourers proved to be the person, who had picked up the note, after I had dropped it, having come a few minutes after me along the same way to his work.

30. And hearing that the suspicion had fallen

altogether upon me, he was tempted to turn the accident to his own advantage, and conceal the property; which having kept in his own box for a few weeks, till he thought no suspicion would rest upon him, he went and offered the note for change, and being then suspected, my master had him taken up, and I was released.

31. This second change from so much misery to happiness, was almost too much for me! My master sent for me, and with many expressions of concern for what had passed, made me give him an account of the means, by which I had collected the little fund, that fixed his suspicions so strongly upon me.

32. I accordingly related the history of it, as I have now done; and when I came to that part, where I had checked my children for their inconsiderate joy, on my finding the note, he rose with much kindness in his looks, and putting the bank bill into my hands, he said, "Take it—the bank note shall be theirs.

33. "It is the best and only return I can make you, as well as a just reward for your honesty; and it will be a substantial proof to your children of the goodness of your instructions; for they will thus early see and feel the benefit of honesty and virtue."

34. This kind and worthy gentleman interested himself much in the purchase of my boat, which, in less than a week, I was in full possession of.

35. The remainder of my master's bounty, and the additional advantage of the ferry, have placed me in comfortable circumstances, which

I humbly trust in God will continue to us, as long as we continue our labour and honest diligence; and I can say from my long experience, that the fruit of our own industry is always the sweetest.

36. I have now also the pleasure of being able to help others; for when a rich passenger takes my ferry, as my story is well known in the neighbourhood, he often gives me more than my fare, which enables me to let the next poor person to go over for half price.

37. The lady and gentleman were exceedingly pleased with the Waterman's story, and willingly joined in calling him the *Happy Waterman.* They passed over in his ferry boat, for the sake of making him a handsome present.

38. And from this time, becoming acquainted with his family, they did them every service in their power, giving books and schooling to the little ones, and every comfort to the old father and mother-in-law, as long as they survived.

39. As for the unfortunate man, who had so dreadfully gone aside from the principles of honesty, as to conceal the bank note before mentioned, he was, after a short imprisonment, set at liberty, at the earnest entreaty of the honest Waterman; as he said it was partly through his carelessness, in losing the note, that the temptation had fallen in his fellow labourer's way.

40. He had, moreover, a very large family; his master also was so good as to consider, that he was a man who had not been blessed

with a good education in his youth, so that having little fear of God before his eyes, and having a great temptation in his way, he had been the more easily led to commit this very wicked action, by which he would have enriched himself at the expense of an innocent man.

41. I have a great pleasure in adding, that the thought of what he had done, together with the generosity of the waterman, had so strong an effect upon this poor fellow, that he afterwards had it written upon his cottage door, *Do as you would be done unto.*

42. And he resolved to follow this rule himself, in future, and also taught it to all his children: Indeed, it became a rule well known over the whole parish; for every little child, having been informed of this story, was told, that he ought to consider, before he did any action, whether he would like to have his brother, or sister, or school-fellow do the same to him; and if not, that the action was wrong, and ought not to be done.

43. Surely, then, those that have lived long, and seen much of the world, and have had much religious instruction also, should never depart from this simple and certain rule. Indeed, there is no station, however great, nor any circumstances, however trying, which will excuse persons from adhering closely to it.

## THE DOG.

1 A water-spaniel, belonging to a neighbour was a frequent, and always a welcome guest, in the family of Euphronius. Her placid looks, gentle manners, and assiduity to please, rendered her equally the favourite of the servants, and of the children.

2. It happened, that there was a general alarm, in that place, concerning mad dogs; and to guard against danger, Sylvia was closely confined to her kennel. A week elapsed, without a single visit from her; no one knew the cause of her absence, and all lamented it.

3. She at length returned; the children flocked with joy and eagerness around her, but they beheld her trembling, feeble and drooping. She crawled over the kitchen floor; looked wistfully at Emilia; then at Jacobus; then at Lucy: Advancing a step forwards, she licked the hand of Alexis, which was stretched forth to stroke her, and expired at his feet without a groan.

4. The children, at first, stood silent and motionless; a gush of tears succeeded; and Euphronius, their parent, though pleased with the affection they showed, thought it necessary to soften grief, upon this occasion: This he did, by relating to them the history of the canine species at large.

5. I am not surprised, said he, that you should lament the loss of an animal, which nature seems to have designed to be the favourite and friend

of man. The beauty of his shape, his strength, agility, swiftness, courage, generosity, fidelity, and gratitude, command our affection, and give him the justest claim to our care and protection.

6. In obedience and docility he surpasses every other animal; and so perfectly is he domesticated, that Mr. Buffon observes, he resembles in his disposition, the family in which he lives. Amongst the proud, he is disdainful, and churlish amongst clowns.

7. In Congo, Angola, and South America, where dogs are found wild, they unite in packs, and attack the fiercest animals of the forest. On the southern coast of Africa, it is said there are dogs that neither bark nor bite; and their flesh is highly valued by the negroes.

8. The flesh of this animal is also considered as a dainty by the Chinese, and public shambles are erected for the sale of it. In Canton there is a street appropriated to that purpose; and what is very extraordinary, when a dog butcher appears, all the dogs in the place pursue him in full cry. They seem to know their enemy, and persecute him as far as they are able.

9. The influence of climate, and the efforts of art, have produced many varieties in the breed of dogs. The British mastiffs were so famous among the Romans, that their emperors appointed officers to train them for the public combats.

10. Two of these were esteemed a match for a bear, and four for a lion. But an experiment was made in the tower of London, by king James

the First, from which it appeared, that three mastiffs conquered that noble animal. Two of them were disabled in the conflict: but the third forced the lion to seek his safety by flight.

11. The British mastiffs were also educated for war, and were employed by the Gauls in their battles, as we learn from Strabo. Linnæus has delivered, in the following terms, the natural history of the dog.

12. This animal eats flesh and some kinds of vegetables. His stomach digests bones. He uses the tops of grass as a vomit. He laps his drink with his tongue. His scent is most exquisite when his nose is moist. He scarcely ever sweats: but when hot he lolls out his tongue. His sense of hearing is very quick when asleep.

13. He is the most faithful of all animals; is very teachable; hates strange dogs; snaps at a stone when thrown at him; howls at certain musical notes; and barks at strangers. This animal is rejected by the Mahometans.

14. My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.

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## *THE STORY OF HESTER WILMOT.*

1. Hester Wilmot was born in the parish of Weston, in Old England, of parents who maintained themselves by their labour.

2. They were both of them ungodly; it is no wonder, therefore, they were unhappy. They lived badly together, and how could they do otherwise, for their tempers were very different, and they had no religion to smooth down this difference, or to teach them to bear with each other's faults.

3. Rebecca Wilmot was a proof, that people may have some right qualities, and yet be but bad characters. She was clean, notable, and industrious.

4. Now, I know, some folks fancy, that the poor, who have these qualities, need have no others; but this is a sad mistake, as I am sure every page in the bible will show; and it is a pity people do not read it more.

5. Rebecca was of a violent, ungovernable temper, and that very neatness, which is in itself so pleasing, became in her a sin; for almost her only desire seemed to be to have her house reckoned the nicest in the parish.

6. Rebecca was also a proof, that a poor woman may be as vain as a rich one; for it was not so much the comfort of neatness, as the praise of it, which she coveted. A spot on her hearth, or a bit of rust on her brass candlestick, would throw her into a violent passion.

7. Now it is very right to keep the hearth clean, and the candlestick bright; but it is very wrong to set one's affections on an hearth or a candlestick, in such a manner as to make one's self unhappy, if any trifling accident happen to them; and if Rebecca had been as careful to keep her heart without spot, and her life without ble-

nish, as she was to keep her fire-irons clean and bright, she would have been held up in history, not as a warning, but as a pattern; and in that case, her nicety would have come in for a part of the praise.

8. It was no fault in Rebecca, but a merit, that her oak table was so bright, that you could see your face in it; but it was no merit, but a fault, that when John, her husband, laid down his cup of beer upon it, so as to leave a mark, she would fly out into so terrible a passion, that all the children were forced to run to corners.

9. Now poor John, having no corner to run to, ran to the ale-house, till that which was at first a refuge too soon became a pleasure.

10. Rebecca never wished her children to learn to read, because she said it would only serve to make them lazy, and she herself had done very well without it. She would keep poor Hester from church to stone the space before the door, in fine patterns and whim-whams.

11. I don't pretend to say there was any harm in this little decoration; it looks pretty enough; and it is better to let the children do that, than do nothing.

12. But still, these are not things to set one's heart upon; and besides, Rebecca only did it as a trap for praise; for she was sulky and disappointed, if any ladies happened to call in, and did not seem delighted with the flowers, which she used to draw with a burnt stick on the whitewash of the chimney corners.

13. Besides, all this finery was often done on a Sunday, and there is a great deal of harm in do-

ing right things at a wrong time, or in wasting much time on things which are of no real use, or in doing any thing at all out of vanity.

14. Now I beg that no lazy slattern of a wife will go and take any comfort in her dirt, from what is here said against Rebecca's nicety; for I believe, that for one who makes her husband unhappy through neatness, twenty do so by dirt and laziness. All excesses are wrong; but the excess of a good quality is not so common as the excess of a bad one.

15. John Wilmot was not an ill-natured man, but he had no fixed principle. Instead of setting himself to cure his wife's faults by mild reproof, and a good example, he was driven by them into still greater faults himself.

16. It is a common case with people who have no religion, when any cross accident befalls them, instead of trying to make the best of a bad matter, instead of considering their trouble as a trial sent from God to purify them, or instead of considering the faults of others as a punishment for their own sins, what do they do, but either sink down at once into despair, or else run for comfort into evil courses.

17. Drinking is the common remedy for sorrow, if that can be called a remedy, the end of which is to destroy both soul and body. John now began to spend all his leisure hours at the Bell. He used to be fond of his children; but when he found he could not come home in quiet, and play with the little ones, while his wife dressed him a bit of hot supper, he grew, in time, not to come home at all

18. He who has once taken to drink, can seldom be said to be guilty of one sin only. John's heart became hardened. His affection for his family was lost in self indulgence. Patience and submission on the part of his wife, might have won much upon a man of John's temper; but instead of trying to reclaim him, his wife seemed rather to delight in putting him as much in the wrong as she could, that she might be justified in her constant abuse of him.

19. I doubt whether she would have been as much pleased with his reformation, as she was with always talking of his faults; though I knew it was the opinion of the neighbours, that if she had taken as much pains to reform her husband, by reforming her own temper, as she did to abuse him and expose him, her endeavours might have been blessed with success.

20. Hester was the eldest of their five children. She was a sharp sensible girl; but at fourteen years old she could not tell a letter, nor had she ever been taught to bow her knee to him who made her: for John's or rather Rebecca's house, had seldom the name of God pronounced in it except to be blasphemed.

21. It was just about this time, if I mistake not, that Mrs. Jones set up her Sunday-school, of which Mrs. Betty Crew was appointed mistress. The design of this school was to teach the children of poor people to read their bibles, to give them religious instruction, and to see that they attended public worship in a decent and becoming manner.

22. Mrs. Jones, finding that none of the Wil-

mots were sent to school, took a walk to Rebecca's house, and civilly told her, she called to let her know that a school was opened, to which she desired her to send her children, on the Sunday following; especially her eldest daughter, Hester.

23. "Well," said Rebecca, "and what will you give her, if I do?" "Give her!" replied Mrs. Jones, "that is rather a rude question, and asked in a rude manner; however as a soft answer turneth away wrath, I assure you that I will give her the best of learning; I will teach her to fear God and keep his commandments."

24. "I had rather you would teach her to fear me, and to keep my house clean," said this wicked woman. "She shan't come, however, unless you will pay her for it."

25. "Pay her for it!" said the lady, "will it not be reward enough, that she will be taught to read the Word of God, without any expense to you? For though many gifts both of books and clothing will be made to the children, yet you are not to consider these gifts so much in the light of payment, as an expression of good will in your benefactors."

26. "I say," interrupted Rebecca, "that Hester shan't go to school. Religion is of no use, that I know of, but to make people hate their own flesh and blood; and I see no good in learning, but to make folks proud, and lazy, and dirty. I cannot tell a letter myself; and though I say it, that should not say it, there is not a notabler woman in the parish."

27. "Pray," said Mrs. Jones, mildly, "do you think that young people will disobey their parents the more, for being taught to fear God?" "I don't think any thing about it," said Rebecca, "I shan't let her come, and there's the long and short of the matter. Hester has other fish to fry; but you may have some of these little ones, if you will."

28. "No," said Mrs. Jones, "I will not; I have not set up a nursery, but a school. I am not at all this expense to take crying babes out of the mother's way, but to instruct reasonable beings. And it ought to be a rule, in all schools, not to take the troublesome young children, unless the mother will try to spare the elder ones, who are capable of learning."

29. "But," said Rebecca, "I have a young child which Hester must nurse, while I dress dinner.—And she must iron the rags, and scour the irons, and dig the potatoes, and fetch the water to boil them."

30. "As to nursing the child, that is indeed a necessary duty, and Hester ought to stay at home part of the day, to enable you to go to church and families should relieve each other, in this way.

31. "But as to all the rest, they are no reasons at all; for the irons need not be scoured so often, and the rags should be ironed, and the potatoes dug, and the water fetched, on the Saturday; and I can tell you, that neither your conscience nor your judge hereafter, will accept of any such excuses."

32. All this while, Hester staid behind pale

and trembling, lest her unkind mother should carry her point. She looked up at Mrs. Jones, with so much love and gratitude as to win her affection, and this good lady went on trying to soften this harsh mother.

33. At last Rebecca condescended to say, "Well I don't know but I may let her come, now and then, when I can spare her, provided I find you make it worth her while."

34. All this time, she had never asked Mrs. Jones to sit down, nor had once bid her young children to be quiet; though they were crying and squalling the whole time. Rebecca fancied this rudeness was the only way she had of showing that she thought herself as good as her guest; but Mrs. Jones never lost her temper.

35. The moment she went out of the house, Rebecca called out loud enough for her to hear, and ordered Hester to get the stone and a bit of sand to scrub out the prints of that dirty woman's shoes. Hester, in high spirits, cheerfully obeyed, and rubbed out the stains so neatly, that her mother could not help lamenting, that so handy a girl was going to be spoiled, by being instructed.

36. After this, Hester never failed to attend the school, whenever her perverse mother would give her leave; and her delight in learning was so great, that she would work early and late, to gain a little time for her book.

37. As she had a quick capacity, she learned soon to spell and read, and Mrs. Crew observing her diligence, used to lend her a book to carry home, that she might pick up a little at odd times.

38. To give or lend books to those who have no delight in them, is an useless expense: but it is laudable to assist well disposed young people with every help of this sort. Those who love books, seldom hurt them; while the slothful, who hate learning, will wear out a book more in a week, than the diligent will do in a year.

39. Hester's way was to read over one question in her catechism, or one verse in her hymn book, by fire-light, before she went to bed; this she thought over in the night, and when she was dressing herself in the morning, she was glad to find she always knew a little more than she did the morning before.

40. It is not to be believed, how much those people will be found to have gained, at the end of a year, who are accustomed to work up all the little odd ends and remnants of time; who are convinced that minutes are no more to be wasted than pence.

41. Nay, he who finds he has wasted a shilling may by diligence hope to fetch it up again; but no repentance or industry can ever bring back one wasted hour. My good young reader, if ever you are tempted to waste an hour, go and ask a dying man, what he would give for that hour, which you are throwing away; and according as he answers so do you act.

42. As her mother hated the sight of a book, Hester was forced to learn out of sight: it was no disobedience to do this, as long as she wasted no part of that time, which it was her duty to spend in useful labour. She would have

thought it a sin to have left her work for her book; but she did not think it wrong to steal time from her sleep, and to be learning an hour before the rest of the family were awake.

43. Hester would not neglect the washing-tub, or the spinning-wheel, even to get on with her catechism, but she thought it fair to think over her questions, while she was washing or spinning. In a few months, she was able to read fluently in St. John's gospel, which is the easiest.

44. But Mrs. Crew did not think it enough, that her children could read a chapter; she also laboured to make them understand it. By this means, they became acquainted with the great truths of religion, and those who visited the school to observe the progress which they made, were very well pleased to see them so attentive to the best things.

45. As poor Hester had no comfort at home it was the less wonder she delighted in her school, her bible, and church, for so great is God's goodness, that he is pleased to make religion a peculiar comfort to those, who have no other comfort.

46. The God, whose name she had seldom heard, but when it was taken in vain, was now revealed to her as a God of infinite power, justice and holiness. What she read in her Bible, and what she felt, in her own heart, convinced her that she was a sinner, and that without pardon and sanctification she could not be happy.

47. While she was thinking upon her mis-

erable state, she opened her Bible and read these words of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy ladan, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

48 And then turning back a leaf or two, she read as follows—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

49. She afterwards read these words of the apostle, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

50. From these passages of Scripture she was encouraged to seek for the mercy of God, and it was not long before she entertained a hope, that her sins were forgiven, that Jesus Christ was her Saviour, that the Holy Spirit was her Sanctifier, and that the blessed God was her Friend and Portion.

51. She then felt herself very happy, and resolved by God's grace, that she would renounce all the vanities of the world, and live a religious life. Indeed she enjoyed a thousand times more satisfaction in such a life, than ever she did in her happiest days before.

52. And she became so well acquainted with the Bible, and with the principles of her religion, that she was able to converse with propriety upon divine subjects, to answer the objec-

tions of her late sinful companions, and to recommend to them the ways of wisdom.

53. A very favourable opportunity for this presented itself to her, on a certain day. Happening to call on three young persons, who had been her associates in the days of her folly, she found them sitting in a room by themselves.

54. They had just been conversing about the change which had taken place in Hester, and lamenting that her days of pleasure were gone. One of them was so honest as to tell her of this; and they all advised her to give up religion, because they said it would make her melancholy and sad, and cause all the gay young people to shun her.

55. Hester, upon this, asked them what they judged religion to be? They paused for some time—looked at each other—gave a smile—and replied, They did not know.

56. Then said Hester, I will tell you; It is to love and serve our God and Creator. Is there any thing in this to make us melancholy? Be so good as to answer my question. Is loving and serving God calculated to make a person melancholy? They answered, No.

57. Well, religion also consists in believing that God forgiveth all our sins, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. Is this likely to make us melancholy? No, said they, we do not think it is. Is the hope that God is our friend, and that we are his, calculated to make us unhappy? No, surely not.

58. Again, said Hester, you know it is very natural to be afraid of death: but it is a part

of religion to be delivered from that fear: is that likely to make us gloomy? They said, No.

59. God also promises to his friends, that he will be with them in affliction and in trouble, to support and comfort them, and to make their trials do them good: it is a part of real religion to believe these promises. Is this likely to make people melancholy?

60. Now they all gazed at each other. One more talkative than the rest, said, Sisters, did you ever think before what religion was? I am certain I never did. I do not imagine that these things can make people unhappy.

61. I wonder what our friends and acquaintance mean, by always saying such terrible things about religion. If what Hester says be true, I think nobody can be truly happy till they are religious; what think you?

62. Indeed, said one, I am of the same opinion: and so am I, said the other. After this candid declaration, Hester seized the opportunity to warn them against taking up false reports against persons or things, without ever examining into their truth, and earnestly entreated them to attend to the great concerns of their souls, and to consider the awful danger of living in the world without seeking and serving God.

63. She protested before them, that she never had a happy day, till she found an interest in Christ, and that she never was contented till then. She spake to them of the wondrous love of God, in providing such a saviour as Jesus, and in bringing her to read and hear of him, to think of him, and to believe on him.

64. Though the last trumpet should, at this moment sound, (said she,) I would not tremble!—Though the angel should now proclaim, that time should be no longer, yet would I rejoice in the Lord, and trust in the God of my salvation!

65. They wept bitterly at these solemn words, and went out of the room, seriously thinking on what they had heard: and one of them afterwards turned out a pious girl, and walked with Hester in the pleasant and peaceful paths of religion.

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## *THE SECOND PART OF THE STORY OF HESTER WILMOT.*

1. Hester Wilmot, I am sorry to observe, had been by nature peevish and lazy; she would now and then slight her work; and when her mother was very unreasonable, she was too apt to return her a saucy answer.

2. But after she became religious these evil tempers were, in a good measure subdued; for she now learnt to imitate not her violent mother, but *Him who was meek and lowly in heart.*

3. When she was scolded for doing ill, she prayed for grace to do better; and when her mother charged religion with making people lazy, her only answer was to strive to do more

as much work, in order to prove, that it really made them diligent.

4. The only thing in which she ventured to disobey her mother was, that when she ordered her to do week's work on Sunday, Hester cried, and said "She did not dare disobey God;" but to show that she did not wish to save her own labour, she would do a double portion of work on the Saturday night, and rise two hours earlier on the Monday morning.

5. Once, when she had worked very hard, her mother told her she would treat her with a holiday the following Sabbath, and take her a fine walk to eat cakes, and drink ale, at Weston-fair, which, though it was professed to be kept on Monday, yet to the disgrace of the village, always began on Sunday evening.

6. Rebecca, who would on no account have wasted the Monday, which was a working day, in idleness and pleasure, did not scruple to enjoy herself at the fair, on the Sunday evening, and to take her children with her.

7. Hester, however, earnestly begged to be left at home, and her mother, in a rage, went without her. A wet walk, and more ale than she was used to drink, gave Rebecca a dangerous fever.

8. During her illness, Hester, who would not follow her to a scene of mirth and folly, attended her night and day, and denied herself necessaries, that her sick mother might have comforts.

9. And though she secretly prayed to God, that this sickness might change her mother's

heart, yet she never once reproached her, or put her in mind, that it was caught by indulging herself in a sinful pleasure.

10. Another Sunday night, her father told Hester, he thought she had been at school long enough for him to have a little good of her learning, so he desired she would stay at home and read to him.

11. Hester cheerfully ran and fetched her Testament, John fell a laughing, called her a fool, and said, "it would be time enough to read the Testament to him, when he was going to die, but at present, he must have something merry. So saying, he gave her a song book, which he had picked up at the Bell.

12. Hester having cast her eyes over it, refused to read it, saying, "she did not dare offend God by reading what would hurt her own soul." John called her a canting hypocrite, and said he would put the Testament in the fire; for that there was not a more merry girl than she was before she became religious.

13. Her mother for once took her part, not because she thought her daughter in the right, but because she was glad of any pretence to show her husband was in the wrong; though she herself would have abused Hester for the same thing, if John had taken her part. John, with a shocking oath, abused them both, and went off in a violent passion.

14. Hester, instead of saying one undutiful word against her father, took up a psalter, in order to teach her little sisters: but Rebecca was so provoked at her for not joining her, in

her abuse of her husband, that she changed her humour, said John was in the right, and Hester a perverse hypocrite, who only made religion a pretence for being undutiful to her parents.

15 Hester bore all in silence, and committed her cause to Him who judgeth righteously.—It would have been a great comfort to her, if she had dared to go and open her heart to Mrs. Crew, and to have joined in the religious exercises of the evening, at school: but her mother refused to let her, saying it would only harden her heart in mischief.

16. Hester said not a word, but after having put the little ones to bed, and heard them say their prayers out of sight, she went and sat down in her own little room, and said to herself, "It would be pleasant to me to have taught my little sisters to read: I thought it my duty, for David has said, *Come ye children, hearken unto me. I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*

17. "It would have been still more pleasant to have passed the evening at school, because I am still ignorant, and fitter to learn than to teach; but I cannot do either, without flying in the face of my mother.

18. "God sees fit, to-night, to change my pleasant duties into a painful trial. I give up my will, and submit to the will of my father: but when he orders me to commit a known sin, then I dare not do it, because, in so doing, I must disobey my Father which is in heaven."

19. Now it so fell out, that this dispute happened on the very Sunday next before Mrs.

Jones' yearly feast. On May day, all the school attended her to church, each in a muslin gown of their own earning, and a cap and white apron of her giving.

20. After church, there was an examination made into the learning and behaviour of the school, and those who had made the best improvement, and brought the best character for industry, humility, and obedience, received a Bible, or some other good book.

21. Now Hester had been a whole year hoarding up her little savings, in order to be ready with a new gown, on the May day feast. She had never got less than two shillings a week by her spinning, besides working for the family, and earning a trifle by odd jobs.

22. This money she faithfully carried to her mother every Saturday night, keeping back, by consent, only two pence a week towards the gown. The sum was complete, the pattern had long been settled, and Hester had only on the Monday morning, to go to the shop, pay her money, and bring home her gown to be made.

23. Her mother happened to go out, that morning early, to iron in a gentleman's family, where she usually stayed a day or two, and Hester was busy putting the house in order, before she went to the shop.

24. On that very Monday, there was to be a meeting at the Bell, of all the idle fellows in the parish. John Wilmot of course was to be there.

25. Indeed he had accepted a challenge of the blacksmith to a batch at all fours The

blacksmith was flush of money; but John thought himself the best player; and that he might make sure of winning, he resolved to keep himself sober, which he knew was more than the other would do.

26. John was so used to go upon trust for ale, that he got to the door of the Bell before he recollected that he could not keep his word with the gambler without money, and he had not a penny in his pocket, so he sullenly turned homewards.

27. He dared not apply to his wife, as he knew he should be more likely to get a scratched face, than a six-pence from her, but he knew that Hester had received two shillings, for her last week's spinning, on Saturday, and perhaps she might not yet have given it to her mother. Of the hoarded sum he knew nothing.

28. He asked her if she could lend him half a crown, and he would pay her next day. Hester, pleased to see him in good humour, after what had passed the night before, ran up and fetched down her little box, and in the joy of her heart, that he now desired something she could comply with without wounding her conscience, cheerfully poured out her whole little stock upon the table.

29. John was in raptures at the sight of three half-crowns and a six-pence, and eagerly seized it, box and all, together with a few hoarded halfpence at the bottom, though he had only asked to borrow half a crown.

30. None but one whose heart was hardened by a long course of drunkenness, could have ta-

ken away the whole, and for such a purpose. He told her she should certainly have it again next morning, and indeed intended to pay it, not doubting but he should double the sum.

31. But John over-rated his own skill, or luck, for he lost every farthing to the blacksmith, and sneaked home before midnight, and quietly walked up to bed. He was quite sober, which Hester thought a good sign.

32. Next morning, she asked him, in a very humble way for the money, which she said she would not have done, but that if the gown was not bought directly, it would not be ready in time for the feast.

33. John's conscience had troubled him a little for what he had done, for when he was not drunk, he was not ill-natured, and he stammered out a broken excuse, but owned he had lost the money, and had not a farthing left.

34. The moment Hester saw him mild and kind, her heart was softened, and she begged him not to vex himself; adding that she would be contented never to have a new gown, as long as she lived, if she could have the comfort of always seeing him come home as sober as he was last night.

35. For Hester did not know that he had refrained from getting drunk, only that he might gamble with a better chance of success, and that when a gamester keeps himself sober, it is not that he may practice a virtue, but that he may commit a worse crime.

36. "I am indeed sorry for what I have done," said he, "you cannot go to the feast,

and what will Madam Jones say?" "Yes, but I can," said Hester, "for God looks not at the gown, but at the heart, and I am sure he sees mine full of gratitude at hearing you talk so kindly; and if I thought my dear father would change his present evil courses, I should be the happiest girl at the feast to-morrow."

37. John walked away mournfully, and said to himself, "Surely there must be something in religion, since it can thus change the heart. Hester was a pert girl, and now she is as mild as a lamb.—She was an indolent girl, and now she is up with the lark. She was a vain girl, and would do any thing for a new ribbon; and now she is contented to go in rags to a feast, at which every one else will have a new gown.

38. She deprived herself of the gown to give me the money, and yet this very girl would submit to be turned out of doors, rather than read a loose book at my command, or break the sabbath.

39. "I do not understand this, there must be some mystery in it." All this he said as he was going to work. In the evening he did not go to the Bell: Whether it was owing to his new thoughts, or to his not having a penny in his pocket, I will not take upon me positively to say; but I believe it was a little of one, and a little of the other.

40. On May-day morning, Hester, instead of keeping from the feast because she had not a

new gown, or meanly inventing any excuse, dressed herself out as neatly as she could, in her poor old things, and went to join the school, in order to go to church.

41. To be sure, there was a great hue and cry made, at seeing Hester Wilmot, the neatest girl, the most industrious girl in the school, come to the May-day feast in an old gown, when every other girl was so creditably dressed.

42. And, to tell the truth, Mrs. Jones was as much surprised as the rest at Hester's mean garb: but such is the power of a good character, that she gave her credit for a right intention, especially as she knew the unhappy state of her family.

43. For it was Mrs. Jones' way always to wait, and enquire into the truth, before she condemned any person of good character, though appearances might be against them. Hester, when she was sneered at, by some of the girls, never offered to clear herself by exposing her father; though she thought it right secretly to inform Mrs. Jones of what had passed.

44. When the examination began, Betty Stiles, one of the girls, was asked some questions on the fourth and fifth commandments, which she answered very well. Hester was asked nearly the same questions, and though she answered them no better than Betty had done, they were all surprised to see Mrs. Jones rise up, and give a handsome Bible to Hester, while she gave nothing to Betty.

45. This girl cried out rather pertly, "Mad-

am, it is very hard that I have no book; I was as perfect as Hester." "I have often told you," said Mrs. Jones, "that religion is not a thing of the tongue but of the heart. That girl gives me the best proof that she has learned the fourth commandment to good purpose, who persists in keeping holy the Sabbath day, though commanded to break it by a parent whom she loves.

46. "And that girl best proves that she keeps the fifth, who gives up her own comfort, and clothing, and credit, to honour and obey her father and mother, even though they are not such as she would wish them to be.

47. "Betty Stiles, though she could answer the questions so readily, went a nutting last Sunday, when she should have been at school and at church, and she refused to nurse her sick mother, when she could not help herself."

48. The pleasure Hester felt in receiving a new Bible, made her forget that she had on an old gown. She walked to church in a thankful frame; but how great was her joy, when she saw, among a number of working men, her own father going into church.

49. As she past by him, she cast on him a look of so much joy and affection, that it brought tears into his eyes, especially when he compared her mean dress with that of the other girls, and thought who had been the cause of it. John, who had not been to church for some years, was deeply struck with the service.

50. The truths of God's word which he heard, went to his heart. He felt, for the first time,

that he was a *miserable sinner* and in the road to death. He now felt compunction for sin in general, though it was only his ill behaviour to his daughter which had brought him to church.

51. When the service was over, instead of joining his former companions, and going to the Bell, he quietly walked back to his work. It was, indeed, the best day's work he ever made.

52. He could not get out of his mind, the whole day, the words of the text. *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

53. At night, he went home, intending to ask Hester to forgive him: but as soon as he got to the door, he heard Rebecca rating his daughter for having brought such a disgrace on the family, as to be seen in that old rag of a gown, and insisted on knowing what she had done with the money.

54. Hester tried to keep the secret, but her mother declared she would turn her out of doors, if she did not tell the truth. Hester was at last forced to confess that she had given it to her father.

55. Unfortunately for poor John, it was at this very moment he opened the door. The mother now divided her fury between her guilty husband, and her innocent child, till from words, she fell to blows. John defended his daughter, and received some of the strokes intended for the poor girl.

56. At length Hester escaped up stairs, not a little bruised, and a scene of much violence passed between John and Rebecca. She declared she would not sit down to supper with such a brute, and set off to a neighbour's house, that she might have the pleasure of abusing him the longer.

57. John, whose mind was much disturbed, went up stairs without his supper. As he was passing by Hester's little room, he heard her voice, and as he concluded she was venting bitter complaints against her unnatural parents, he stopped to listen, resolving to go in and comfort her.

58. He stopped at the door, for by the light of the moon, he saw her kneeling by her bedside, and praying so earnestly, that she did not hear him.

59. As he supposed she could be praying for nothing but his death, what was his surprise to hear these words: "O Lord have mercy upon my dear father and mother, teach me to love them, to pray for them, and do them good; make me more dutiful, and more patient, that I may recommend the religion of my blessed Saviour, and that my dear parents may be brought to love and fear thee."

60. Poor John, who would never have been hard hearted, if he had not been a drunkard, could not stand this. He fell down on his knees, embraced his child, and begged her to teach him how to pray. He prayed himself as well as he could, and though he did not know what words to use, yet his heart was affected, and

he shed many tears over his sinful and wretched state.

61. Hester endeavoured to encourage him, and to point out to him the Saviour of sinners, and in this manner they spent some hours together. This was, on the whole, a happy evening to Hester.—Seeing the change in her father gave her more satisfaction than all the new clothes in the world would have done.

62. After this, Hester frequently read to him out of the Bible, and other good books, which she obtained of Mrs. Jones, by means of which he became, every day, more and more confirmed in the resolution which he had taken to renounce his sinful courses, and seek the salvation of his soul.

63. It was his constant prayer, that he might never be suffered to relapse again into his former state. After a few weeks, he obtained a hope, that his sins were pardoned, and that he had experienced the sanctifying grace of God; which was a no less joyful event to his pious daughter, than it was to himself.

64. From this time, he bore his wife's ill-humour much better than he had ever done; and as he knew her to be neat, and notable, and saving, he began to think, that if her temper were not quite so bad, his home might still become as pleasant a place to him as ever the Bell had been; but unless she became more tractable, he did not know what to do with his long evening, after his little ones were in bed, for he began once more to delight in playing with them.

65. As John had never learned to read, Hester proposed that she should teach him an hour, every night, and he consented. Rebecca began to storm from the mere trick she had got of storming; but finding that he now brought home all his earnings, and that she got both his money and his company, (for she had once loved him,) she began to be reconciled to this new way of life.

66. In a few months, John could read a psalm. In learning to read it, he also got it by heart, and this proved a little store for private devotion, and while he was mowing he could call to mind a text to cheer his labour.

67. He now went constantly to church, and often dropped in at the school, on a Sunday evening, to hear their prayers. He found so much pleasure in this, that he soon ventured to set up family prayer at home.

68. For a few nights, Rebecca continued to sit, or pretended to rock the young child, while her husband and daughter were kneeling at their prayers. She expected John would have scolded at her for this, and so perverse was her temper, that she was disappointed and vexed at his finding no fault with her.

69. Seeing at last that he was very patient, and that though he prayed fervently himself, he suffered her to do as she liked, she lost the spirit of opposition for the want of something to provoke it.

70. As she began to attend to the devotions of the family, some little disposition to seriousness was awakened in her soul. She found that she

was a sinner, and that it infinitely concerned her to be in earnest to get into the ark of safety, before the things of her peace were hidden from her eyes.

71. She now joined, therefore, very readily in family prayer, and when her daughter read the Scriptures, she listened with much attention. Hester rejoiced greatly in this outward change in her mother, and prayed that God would be pleased effectually to work in her, by his spirit, as she hoped he had done in her father.

72. As John now spent no idle money, he had saved up a trifle, by working over-hours; this he kindly offered to Hester, to make up for the loss of her gown. Instead of accepting it, Hester told him, that as she herself was young and healthy, she should soon be able to clothe herself out of her own savings, and begged him to make her mother a present of this gown, which he did.

73. It had been a maxim of Rebecca, that it was better not to go to church at all, than to go in an old gown. She had, however, so far conquered this evil notion, that she had lately attended public worship pretty often.

74. The kindness of her husband, in making her the present of a gown, touched her not a little; and the first Sunday she put it on, Mr. Simpson happened to preach from this text—*God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*

75. This sermon so affected her, that she never once thought that she had her new gown on, till she came to take it off after she returned

from church: and it was soon apparent, that Rebecca's heart was truly changed, and that she had become a *new creature*.

76. There was one thing, which Rebecca took particular notice of, and that was, that since her husband had become religious, he had been so careful not to give her any offence, that he had become scrupulously clean: took off his dirty shoes before he sat down, and was very cautious not to spill a drop of beer on her shining table.

77. And it was rather remarkable, that as John grew more neat, Rebecca grew more indifferent to neatness. But both these changes arose from the same cause—the growth of religion in their hearts.

78. John grew cleanly from the fear of giving pain to his wife; while Rebecca grew indifferent, because she had discovered the sin and vanity of an over anxious care about trifles.

79. And now what a change do we behold in this once unhappy family! And how excellent a thing is that religion, which will produce such effects as these!

80. If all parents and all children, were to become Christians, and to live and act according to the rules of the Gospel, how happy would they be, and what happy neighbourhoods would they form! And how important is it, that persons should become religious when they are young, that they may grow up in the fear of God, and be blessed in life, in death, and in eternity!

## *INTEGRITY REWARDED.*

1. At a small village in the western part of England, there lived a poor widow, who gained a livelihood by carding and spinning wool. She had but one son, for whose sake she cheerfully underwent the fatigue of working early and late.

2. James, for that was his name, was a very good boy, and when he was quite young, his mother contrived to save out of her earnings enough to send him to school, a part of the year

3. He was so very attentive to his book, that in a short time his master declared, that he was the best scholar of his age in the village. James endeavoured to repay his mother's kindness by every mark of duty.

4. Of an evening when he returned from school, instead of going to play with the children of the village, he would sit down and read the scriptures to her, while she was employed at work; and he longed for the time, when he should be able to work himself for her support.

5. But alas! this happy period was never to arrive. For the poor woman was seized with a fever, which in a short time put an end to her life. James was, at this time, between ten and eleven years of age.

6. For several days he wept almost constantly, and refused to take comfort. But, by degrees, his grief abated, and he began to consider what course he had best pursue, to obtain a livelihood.

7. He offered his service to a neighbouring farmer who was called Ralph, and who, out of pity to the boy, and from the regard which he had for his good mother, took him into his family. Here he lived upwards of three years, and conducted himself so very well, that he was beloved by all who knew him.

8. In the same village, there lived the son of a poor cottager, who had been a school fellow of James. This youth, who was fifteen years of age, had just lost his father, and found himself possessed of four crowns: a sum which the old man had left him, with which to begin the world.

9. Martin, for that was his name, was always extremely selfish and undutiful: he thought the four crowns amply compensated for the loss of his father, and began to consider in what manner to lay out the money to the best advantage.

10. He had been told, that in London places were to be had where servants lived like gentlemen. Such a place Martin thought would suit his taste better than to follow the plough or gather in the harvest. With his four crowns, therefore, he was resolved to set out, and try his fortune in London.

11. By chance meeting with James, he communicated his intention to him, setting forth the advantages which, he said, would certainly follow upon his arrival.

12. James listened attentively to this discourse, and being naturally inclined to rely upon the judgment of others, he could not forbear sighing,

that he was deprived of sharing these advantages with Martin, for want of a little money to bear the expenses of his journey.

13. His mind ran so much upon the subject, that in the evening, when he returned to the farmer's, his discourse insensibly turned upon the intended journey of his friend, and he could not forbear uttering a wish, that it were in his power to accompany him.

14. The farmer asked him, what he could expect to gain by going to London? James replied, that from what he had been told, he should not fear gaining employment of some kind or other, and that if he had money to keep him on his journey, he should not hesitate to set out immediately.

15. Seeing him to be so much in earnest, the farmer asked him, what sum he thought would be sufficient for the purpose? James paused a moment, and then said, that he should not wish for more than six shillings.

16. Six shillings seemed a very small sum to perform a journey little short of 200 miles, but James, at present, knew very little of travelling, and affirmed he could make it do.

17. As he appeared to have his heart so much set on the journey, the good farmer, who was willing to do any thing which might be for his welfare, gave him the sum which he wished for together with some provisions for the way.

18. James with great joy and gratitude accepted the farmer's kindness, and set out the next day, with his friend Martin, for London

19. The two lads travelled till some time in

the day, when growing very weary and in want of refreshment, they made toward a tree, and were preparing to draw forth the contents of their wallets, when they looked back, and saw an old pedlar, at a distance, making towards them.

20. Martin instantly threw his wallet across his shoulder again, and advised his companion to do the same, saying, that if the pedlar came to rest near them, he would expect them to ask him to partake of their repast; "let us, said he, go behind that clump of bushes, on the other side of the way, and then he will not see us."

21. "But why," said James, keeping his seat, "should we be so mean as to hide ourselves from the poor man? he may not want our assistance, and if he does, I am sure he shall be welcome to a part of what I have.—What should I have done, Martin, if my good friend, the farmer, had been so churlish to me?"

22. "I never think about other people," said Martin, "it is enough for me to take care of myself; If you are so rich," continued he, with a sneer, "that you can entertain travellers, I am not; so I shall leave you to yourself." Saying this, Martin crossed to the other side of the road, and sitting down among the bushes, so that he could not be seen, like a true churl, devoured his meal alone.

23. James, in the mean time, took out a little brown loaf, and a piece of cheese, with which the kind farmer had furnished his wallet, and was beginning to eat, when the pedlar came up.

"My little lad," said he, "be so kind as to help me to ease my shoulders of this box, for I have borne it till I am weary."

24. James, who was always ready to oblige, instantly sprung upon his feet, and gave the stranger the assistance he required. The old man then sat down to rest under the same tree, and was civilly invited by James to partake of his homely fare. "I thank you, my good lad," said the pedlar, "but we will first see what my wallet affords."

25. So saying, he drew forth a large bag, and took out of it some cold meat and bread, with a bottle of excellent beer. "Come, my child, said he, eat heartily of this, and if here be not enough to satisfy us, we will make an end with your bread and cheese."

26. James, who was a very modest boy, at first refused; but being warmly pressed by the honest pedlar, who would take no denial, he fell to with a good appetite.

27. Their hunger being, in some measure, satisfied, the pedlar asked his young companion to what part of the country he was going, and being answered to London, he expressed great surprise, that he should attempt, at his age, to take such a journey alone, and on foot.

28. James replied, that it was not long since he parted with a companion, and that he expected him every moment to return; but he was too generous to discover upon what account Martin and he had separated.

29. The pedlar, who was much pleased with James, expressed a desire to know farther par-

ticulars respecting him: upon which James, in a few words, made him acquainted with his story, and the cause of his setting out upon so long a journey.

30. "My little lad," said he, when James had ended, "I fear you have heard a much better account of London than it deserves: however, as you seem resolved to try your fortune there, I will not discourage you. I am travelling the same road; if, therefore, you incline to save expences, and will sometimes carry my box, you shall fare as I do, and we will jog on together, till we are tired of each other's company."

31. James was delighted with this generous offer, and expressed his thanks in the warmest terms, assuring the pedlar, that he thought himself happy in meeting with such a friend.

32. By this time Martin had made an end of his churlish meal, and came up to the tree to rejoin his companion. The pedlar, who was an open-hearted good-natured man, filled out a horn cup of beer, and offering it to him, "had you come sooner, my lad," said he, "you would have fared better, for you see we have just made an end of a cold shoulder of mutton; but here is a cup of excellent beer, and your companion can supply you with bread and cheese."

33. Martin thanked the pedlar, and taking the cup, drank with as good a grace as he was able; for he was extremely vexed, that through his over care, he had dined upon bread and cheese, when, if he had not been so selfish, he might, like his companion, have fared so much

better: and he was also in great fear, lest James had told the pedlar the real cause of his absence.

34. James, thinking to give his friend pleasure, acquainted him with the pedlar's kind offer; but Martin was by far too selfish to rejoice in the good fortune of another; and in this instance, he was ready to cry with vexation, to think on the advantages which he had lost by his greediness.

35. For he was persuaded, that had the pedlar seen him, before he engaged with James, he would have preferred him to the office of carrying his box, as being stronger, and more fit for the purpose.

36. Having reposed themselves for some time beneath the tree, the pedlar proposed that they should continue their journey, and James, who was very mindful of his office, prepared to take up the box. The old man seeing his intention prevented him. "Stop, my good child," said he, laying his hand upon the box, "I am now rested, and as able to bear the burden as yourself; when I am weary I will call for your assistance."

37. James however, could not be prevailed upon to relinquish the box. He begged he might carry it, saying that it would be a very unseemly sight, for an old man to bend under such a burden, and for two lads to walk at his side unladen. The honest pedlar at last yielded to the persuasions of his little friend, and suffered him to take the box upon his back; after which they all cheerfully set forward.

38. James tripped lightly along with his load; and though the good-natured pedlar repeatedly offered to ease him of it, so anxious was he to express his gratitude, that he constantly refused to resign the box; saying that he was very well able to carry it.

39. As for Martin, he made use of every art to insinuate himself into the esteem of the pedlar, with the base view of supplanting his friend; and as a proof of his zeal and affection, he warmly opposed every attempt the good man made to resume his load, constantly telling him that it would fatigue him.

40. But all would not do. The pedlar, who was a shrewd man, and had seen a great deal of the world, instead of being won upon by these extraordinary civilities, took a dislike to Martin, whom he looked upon as being solely actuated by interest; for why otherwise (said he to himself) does he suffer his old friend and companion James to toil on for so many miles, without once offering to ease him of his burden.

41. Towards evening they arrived at an inn, where they concluded to pass the night. When Martin understood that the pedlar designed to share his bed with James, he artfully drew him on one side, and advised him to let James sleep in one of the out-houses, adding at the same time, that he would pay him for half his bed, which would make the expense easier for both.

42. The honest pedlar, who really despised him for so basely endeavouring to supplant his friend, answered coolly, that he was already provided with a bed-fellow, and advised him to

seek a bed elsewhere. In the mean while, the pedlar called for some bread and cheese, and some ale, upon which he and James made a cheerful supper.

43. As for Martin, though the generous pedlar invited him to partake with them, yet rather than endure the pain of witnessing his friend's happiness, he left a good supper, and pretending that he was very weary, retired to bed, where he could indulge the envy and rancour of his disposition, without being observed.

44. James, on the contrary, went to rest as happy as a good supper and a good conscience could make him; and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, offered up his thanks and praises to God, who had raised him up, in the honest pedlar, so good a friend.

45. Early the next morning, they all set forward again on their journey. James, as he had done the preceding day, carried the box, and to the great mortification of Martin, constantly fared with the owner, who was so pleased with his honesty and good humour, that he grew every hour more and more attached to him.

46. While James and his good friend endeavoured to divert the length of the way by discoursing upon different subjects, Martin walked sullenly behind, wholly intent upon mischief. He was determined, if possible, to interrupt the happiness of James, and unluckily an opportunity for this soon offered.

47. For they had not travelled many hours, before they turned into a road, on the one side of which was a deep ditch, more than half full

of mud. As they walked along, Martin artfully drew James to the brink of this ditch, and watching his opportunity, when the pedlar looked another way, slyly gave him a shove, and plunged the unfortunate lad headlong into the mire.

48. The good old pedlar alarmed, hastened to the assistance of his little friend, and with the help of the treacherous Martin, drew him, all over mud, out of the ditch. Happily he received no hurt from the accident; but the poor boy was under great apprehension, lest the goods contained in the pedlar's box were all spoiled.

49. However, on this account he was soon eased, for the box being close shut, but few of the articles were found to be damaged; so that a little fair water would soon cleanse them.

50. This was a great comfort to James, and equally a disappointment to his treacherous friend; who was in hopes the goods would have been spoiled, and that James would have lost the pedlar's favour. Having failed in the success of his wicked scheme, it was his business now to clear himself from the suspicion of being the author of it.

51. He attended James to a brook hard by, and was very diligent in assisting him to wash the mud off his clothes; during which he expressed so much concern for the accident, that the poor lad, who at first suspected and reproached him with his treachery, began to think (as Martin pretended) that the shove, which had knocked him into the ditch, was either the effect of accident, or given in sport

52. James having cleansed his clothes and the pedlar's wares, they all three once more set out amicably together. James could not summon courage to ask for the box, fearing that the pedlar might not be willing to trust him with it in future: but Martin, who was never diffident, when he thought his interest concerned, warmly pressed his services upon the pedlar.

53. The old man, however, strongly suspecting that he was the cause of the late disaster, absolutely refused him, and persisted in his resolution of carrying the box for the present himself; which he accordingly did, till seeing James look very disconsolate, and judging that his trouble arose from the fear of not being restored to his office, he very kindly resigned it to his care.

54. Martin, however, could not yet give over the hope of supplanting the poor boy. He took an opportunity, when James was at such a distance that he could not hear him, to observe to the pedlar, that it was very unsafe to trust his box with a boy, who, from his carelessness, was liable to the same accident that had already happened, every time he should chance to pass a ditch; besides, said Martin, he is so poor, that it is ten to one if he will not be tempted to pilfer some of your goods.

55. Happily for James, these unjust insinuations made no other impression on the honest pedlar, than such as turned to the disgrace of his enemy. He clearly saw through Martin's drift, and whilst he heartily despised him for

his baseness, he redoubled his kindness towards James.

56. But it was not long before the poor boy was deprived of his good friend. The pedlar was, that same evening, seized with a complaint in his stomach, which proved mortal. Having with difficulty reached a small house of entertainment, he immediately took to his bed, from which he justly concluded he should never rise more.

57. James, who possessed the most grateful and affectionate heart, during two days, which the pedlar lay ill, attended him with the same diligence and tenderness, as if he had been his own father.—Martin, though from a different motive, was equally attentive; and resolved, however expensive it might be to him, to await the event of the pedlar's sickness.

58. The poor man, finding himself every hour growing worse, on the second day of his illness, as James was sitting by his bed-side, took him kindly by the hand, and in a faint voice said, "James, I feel I am not many hours for this world; my life is going from me apace, and I shall shortly be borne to my long home. James, you are a good lad; and had it pleased God to spare me, we should not soon have parted; but his blessed will be done."

59. James could not speak for weeping, and the pedlar seeing him so much affected, said, "do not grieve, my child, if you continue to be honest and good, God will raise you up a friend, when I am no more; and as for me, I trust

I am going from a world of care and sorrow, to a a world of peace and joy."

60. James still wept, and in a broken voice, said, he hoped that death was not so nigh as he apprehended. The pedlar shook his head, and for some moments seemed buried in thought. Then looking earnestly upon James, as if something lay upon his mind, which he wished to communicate, thus began:

61. "My child, said he, though my knowledge of you has been but of a short date, I am persuaded you are honest and upright. I have observed that you love God, and fear his displeasure, as the greatest misfortune that can attend you in this world. I have therefore fixed upon you, in preference to all others, to execute a trust, upon the performance of which my present peace of mind greatly depends.

62. "It is now," continued the pedlar, "ten years since the good Mayor of S——, in whose service I spent my youth, lent me forty crowns to furnish this box. Since that time, I have travelled the country, and various successes have attended me. On the whole, God has prospered my endeavours.

63. "This, said he, taking a leathern purse from a private pocket in his doublet, contains the forty crowns, which are due my honoured master the Mayor. I have saved them from the moderate profits of my wares. I thank my God, they are not the fruit of fraud or unjust dealing.

64. I resign them, my child, into your care, and solemnly enjoin you, as you value the bless-

ing of heaven, when I am dead to deliver them to the mayor." James solemnly promised, that nothing but death should prevent his executing the trust, upon which the pedlar put the leathern purse, which contained the forty crowns into his hands, enjoining him not to acquaint any one with the affair, and especially to conceal it from Martin, of whose honesty he entertained but an indifferent opinion.

65. The next morning, the pedlar called for the master of the house, and after satisfying him for the trouble, and all the expenses of his illness, he requested him to be a witness, that he bequeathed the contents of his box to the little lad who attended him, meaning James.

66. He then began to talk of his dissolution as of a journey he was shortly to go; and putting three pieces of money into the hands of the landlord, "As to my burial, said he, this will defray the expenses, and the care of it I leave to you, with whom Providence has ordered that I should finish my mortal existence.

67. "And now my dying advice to you all is, that you would fear God and seek his favour; that you would choose that *good part*, which can never be taken away from you, and always live in an actual preparation for death." Soon after he had said this, he expired, and left James in great affliction for the loss of so good a friend.

68. As for the legacy, he would not suffer himself to think about it, till the funeral of his good friend was over; but having followed him to the grave, and paid all due respect to his memory,

he took the key, and for the first time, since the death of the pedlar, unlocked the box, designing, as the people of the house advised him, to make a sale of the goods, and afterwards to determine in what manner to dispose of the money.

69. But what was the poor boy's consternation, when instead of the articles it formerly contained, he beheld the box filled only with a heap of stones! This was an unexpected and severe disappointment.

70. Sometimes he was inclined to suspect the people of the house, and at others his suspicion fell on Martin, who had refused to stay till the burial of the pedlar was over: but the poor boy knew not whom to accuse, nor where to apply for redress.

71. All his consolation was, that the forty crowns which the pedlar had committed to his care, still remained in his possession, as also the six shillings which he had received from his friend the farmer; but of this only a third remained, after he had settled with the landlord; so he set out to perform a journey of nearly sixty miles, with no more than two shillings in his pocket; for as to the forty crowns, he was determined, whatever might be his necessity, not to falsify his word with the pedlar, but faithfully to deliver them to the mayor.

72. As his purse was now low, he travelled all the first day without any refreshment, but such as the blackberries and sloes, which he picked from the hedges, afforded him, and at night he was contented to sup upon a penny roll and some skim-milk

73. The next day he pursued a course nearly as frugal, and having travelled till almost night, he found himself in danger of being overtaken by a violent storm, on an unfrequented heath. He pressed forward as fast as possible, and just sheltered himself in a little farm house at some distance, as it began to pour down violently with rain, and to thunder and lighten dreadfully.

74. James thought he could not do better than bargain with the farmer for a lodging in one of his barns, and accordingly agreed to give him three pence for the night.

75. While they were talking, a poor soldier, who had lost one leg, came to the gate, and asked the farmer to have compassion on a poor fellow, who had fought many battles in defence of Old England, and to give him a night's shelter in one of his out-houses.

76. The farmer, who was a mercenary churl, and thought as the night was so bad, he could make an advantage of the poor man's necessity, replied, "that if he could pay for sleeping in his barn, he might stay, otherwise he knew better than to harbour such vagabonds." "Truly, said the soldier, I have only four pence to carry me fifty miles, and if you will not for the sake of charity afford me shelter, I must even be content with a wet skin."

77. The farmer persisted in his resolution, and the poor fellow was turning on his heel to seek his fortune elsewhere, when James told the farmer, that sooner than see a poor fello creature turned out in such a dreadful night

though he could ill afford it, he would pay the three pence himself, which he accordingly did; and the poor man, after expressing his thanks, in the most grateful terms, shared the barn with his kind benefactor, where they both enjoyed the most pleasing reflections and peaceful slumbers.

78. Early the next morning, James again set forward on his journey; but toward evening he grew so fatigued, and so faint from the little food which he had taken, that he sat down at the foot of a tree, and began seriously to reflect upon his situation.

79. "Alas!" said he, the tears dropping from his eyes, "what will become of me! I have yet many long miles to travel, before I can deliver my trust to the mayor, and many more before I reach London. My shoes are already worn out, and my feet are so blistered that I can scarcely stand, and how shall I ever be able to travel so far without food.

80. "How happy would these forty crowns, said James, make me? (taking the leather purse out of his pocket.) But then I have given my word to restore them to the mayor; and yet they would do me ten times the service, for he is most likely rolling in plenty, while I am starving for want.

81. "Let me see—with these forty crowns I could take the cottage which my poor mother lived in for so many years, and I dare answer that for a trifle I could buy the piece of land adjoining to it of farmer Jenkins.—Well, I could then get honest Ralph to assist me in cultivating it, and

the produce would perhaps make me one of the richest cottagers of our village.

82. "No one, said James, knows that I have these forty crowns—the pedlar is dead, and as to the Mayor, he will never think of inquiring after him, and if he should, nobody will be able to tell him that I have the crowns. Well, I am almost tempted to take them."

83. (Here James paused for some minutes then resuming his reflection)—"But after all, said he, would these forty crowns make me happy, after I have broken my faith with the pedlar, and committed a dishonest action? No, though I could hide my crime from all the world, I cannot hide it from God. It will be known to him, and he will undoubtedly punish it.

84. "It is true, I am in greater want of this money than the Mayor, but that will not excuse me for taking that which is not my own. And yet these forty crowns, said he, looking at them, are very tempting—What will become of me after I have delivered them to the Mayor!

85. "As to London, I shall never reach it, and if I do, notwithstanding all that Martin has said, places may be very difficult to gain there, at least for a poor friendless boy like me.—What will become of me?—But after all, said he, what can befall me so dreadful as the displeasure of God!—

86. "I will look at these forty crowns no longer—I am sure money must be very dangerous to put such wicked thoughts into one's head. —I will trust in God, and endeavour to pursue my way to the Mayor. Whatever happens, I

shall be much easier when these crowns are out of my possession."

87. Saying this, he rose and pursued his journey. He had not proceeded far, however, before a carriage with two footmen behind it approached.—James, who notwithstanding his fatigue, was still ready to oblige, without thinking what was to follow, ran and opened a gate which the carriage was to pass through, when a young lady in the coach, who had observed him, threw him a six-pence.

88. James, at first, could hardly believe his eyes. He picked it up with transport: for in his present condition, it seemed like manna sent from heaven. He hastened to the next village, where he procured some refreshment, and obtained a comfortable night's lodging under the roof of an hospitable farmer.

89. Next morning he again proceeded on his journey, in excellent spirits, resolving as he walked along, never more to distrust the goodness of God, who, in his great extremity, had sent him relief.—He travelled all that day, and a part of the next, and was beginning to grow very faint and weary, when a voice called to him out of a little cart that was passing.

90. James looked up and perceived it to be the poor soldier, for whom he had procured a lodging in the barn. The poor fellow expressed great joy to meet his little benefactor, and perceiving that he was extremely weary, jumped out of the cart, and begged the driver to permit that little boy, meaning James, to supply his place, telling him at the same time, of the service that he had rendered him.

91. The driver, who was equally pleased with the generosity of James, and the gratitude of the soldier, consented to take them both into the cart, and they rode on together.

92. On their way, the soldier informed James, that when they last parted, he was going fifty miles the contrary way, in pursuit of an old captain, under whom he had formerly served, to procure a recommendation to Greenwich hospital; but that, on his way, he was informed that his old commander had removed to another part of the country, to which he was now going.

93. The soldier said further, that being on his way, the honest driver, in compassion to his infirmities, had offered to give him a lift as far as he went with his cart, and he added, that he thought himself doubly indebted to him for the same service to his little friend.

94. Nor was this all; the poor fellow's purse had been recruited since he left James, and he now positively insisted upon dividing it with him. "Well, thought James, a good turn is never lost: I assisted this poor soldier in his necessity; and now, when I least expected it, he has rendered me a service far greater."

95. Happily for James, the driver was going within a mile of the town where the Mayor lived, for he was so completely worn out with fatigue, that this last twenty miles seemed more to him than all that he had travelled before. The hour of parting being come, James, after expressing his hearty thanks to the driver, and the generous soldier, took a friendly

leave of them, and proceeded to the town where the Mayor lived.

96. Having inquired out the house, and with difficulty obtained admittance, on account of the shabbiness of his appearance, he produced the leathern purse which contained the forty crowns, and delivered them, in the name of the pedlar to the Mayor.

97. The Mayor, who during ten years, had heard no tidings of the pedlar, inquired kindly after his old domestic, and asked James whether he was related to him. James replied that he was not; and modestly informed the Mayor of the manner in which he became acquainted with the pedlar, of his death, and the dying charge which he had given him to deliver the forty crowns to the owner.

98. The Mayor praised the honesty of the pedlar, but much more did he admire the integrity of poor James: and it was with difficulty that he concealed his admiration, when he reflected that a poor boy reduced to extreme want, should nobly preserve his integrity, and withstand so powerful a temptation; he did not, however, discover all he felt upon this occasion.

99. When James had ended his account, he asked him whether either of his parents were alive? James sighed and said, that he had neither parents nor friends. No! said the mayor, that is hard indeed for so good a boy.

100. At this instant news was brought, that two countrymen, who had taken up a youth on suspicion of committing a robbery, waited in the hall. The Mayor ordered them to be admit-

tad; but what was the horror and astonishment of James, when in the robber he discovered his old friend and treacherous companion Martin.

101. One of the countrymen testified, that having observed a variety of articles in the youth's possession, which he had, a few weeks before, seen in the box of an honest pedlar who lodged at his house, and judging from the appearance of the lad, that he could not have purchased them, he was led to question him on the subject; and from his confusion and vague replies, he was persuaded that he did not come honestly by the goods; on which account he had brought him before his honour.

102. The Mayor, who had just been informed of the legacy which the pedlar had left to James, and of the manner in which he had lost it, was persuaded that this was the very youth who had robbed him: he therefore immediately called James, who stood overwhelmed with horror and surprise in one corner of the room, to come forward and face the accused.

103. James advanced reluctantly, but Martin no sooner observed him, than thinking it in vain to dissemble, he fell upon his knees before the Mayor, and confessed that whilst James slept, he had carried off the articles contained in the pedlar's box, and to prevent an early discovery, had placed stones in their stead.

104. James was astonished at the treachery of his old comrade, and the Mayor, after having made some observations on his baseness, related to all present the noble conduct of

James, and then turning to him, said, "*You refused the forty crowns, at the expense of your honesty, now my noble boy, receive them as the reward of it.* So saying, he put the leathern purse, containing the forty crowns, into James' hand, who, in a transport of joy and gratitude, threw himself at the feet of the Mayor, and expressed his acknowledgment, in the strongest terms.

105. The good Mayor kindly raised him, and assured him, that this was but a small part of what he intended to do for him. "You say, continued he, you have neither parents nor friends; your virtue, my honest lad, has gained you both in me; for from this moment I mean to take you under my protection.

106. "But while I am mindful, said the Mayor, to reward virtue, let me not forget to punish guilt.—Saying this, he ordered Martin to be seized and conveyed to prison, there to await the punishment of his crime. But James, whose present happiness did not make him unmindful of the wretchedness of his old companion, threw himself at the feet of the Mayor, in the greatest agitation, and with tears entreated him to pardon his unhappy friend

107. The Mayor at first seemed inflexible; but at length, overcome by the distress of James, he yielded to his entreaties. "Go, said he to Martin; at the request of your friend, I leave your punishment to God, and you to the stings of your own conscience—Go—and from your own disgrace, and the example of your honest friend, may you learn this useful lesson,

*that although guilt may flourish for a time, yet virtue and honesty are the most certain roads to happiness and honour.*"

108. Having said this, he dismissed Martin, overwhelmed with shame and disgrace: James, through the generosity of the Mayor and his own diligence, obtained a liberal education; and the secretary of his patron dying, in a few years, James was thought capable of supplying his place, which he did with so much honour and integrity, that he gained the esteem and approbation of all, and more especially of his generous patron; who during his life, loaded him with favours, and at his death, left him a considerable legacy, with which he purchased a little estate, about a mile from his native village, upon which he lived happily to the end of his days.

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## *BLACK GILES THE POACHER.*

### *With the history of the Widow Brown's Apple Tree.*

1. Poaching Giles lived at the mud cottage, with the broken windows, stuffed with dirty rags, just beyond the gate, which divides the upper from the lower moor, in Somersetshire. You may know the house, at a good distance, by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the loose stones which are ready to drop out from the chimney

2. As Giles had never learnt any thing that

was good, so he did not know the value of that useful saying, "a stitch in time saves nine;" nor did he reflect, that a short ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leisure time, would have prevented the ruin of his house, and made it neat and comfortable.

3. Besides this, Giles fell into that common mistake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children, raised most compassion, and of course drew most charity; but as cunning as he was, in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatness and industry, which draws the kindness of the rich and charitable, while they turn away with disgust from filth and laziness.

4. The common, on which Giles' hovel stands, is quite a deep marsh, in a wet winter, but in summer, it looks green and pretty enough. And when a gentleman travels that way, in a carriage, it would be very convenient, to be sure, if one of the children would run out, and open the gate, as it would save the post boy from getting off, which is not very safe for the people within the carriage.

5. But instead of one of these children running out as soon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite soon enough, what does Giles do, but set all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a sand-bank, hard by the gate, waiting for the slender chance of what may be picked up from travellers.

6. At the sound of a carriage, whole coveys of these little scare-crows start up, rush to the

gate and all at once thrust out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noise of their clamorous begging, should not sufficiently frighten the horses, they are very apt to let the gate slap full against you, before you are half way through, in their eager scuffle to snatch from each other the few half pence, which you may throw out to them.

7. Thus five or six little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home: who might be useful to the public by working in the field; and who might be learning to get their bread twenty honest ways, are suffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance half-pence, which, after all, they are by no means sure of getting.

8. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlefolks found out, that opening the gate was the family trade, they soon left off giving any thing. And I myself, though I used to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I see a whole family established in so beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again into my pocket, and give nothing at all.

9. Giles, to be sure, as his children grew older, began to train them to such other employments, as the idle habits they had learned very properly qualified them for. For as soon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, they were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the moor.

10 Among the many trades which Giles professed, he sometimes practised that of a rat-catcher; but he was addicted to so many tricks,

that he never followed the same trade long. Whenever he was sent for to a farm house, his custom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little stock of young ones alive sufficient to keep up the breed.

11. And where any barn was overstocked, he used to borrow a few from thence, just to people a neighbouring granary, which had none: and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught, one evening, emptying his cage of young rats under Parson Wilson's barn door.

12. This worthy minister, Mr. Wilson, used to pity the neglected children of Gilea, as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He had, therefore, long been desirous of snatching some of this vagrant family from ruin, and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the least skilled in knavery.

13. He had once given him a new pair of shoes, on his promising to go to church next Sunday; but no sooner had Rachel, the boy's mother, got the shoes into her clutches, than she pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the parson's sight, and to play his marbles on Sundays, for the future, at the other end of the parish and not near the church yard.

14. Mr. Wilson, however, picked up the boy, as he was one day loitering about in a field behind his garden, in search of a hen's nest; his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night, by hook or by crook, as Giles was resolved to have some pan-cakes for supper.

15. Dick was just going to take to his heels, as usual, for fear the old story of the shoes should be brought forward; but finding he could not get off, what does he do, but run into a little puddle of dirty water, which lay between him and the parson, that the sight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded subject.

16. Now it happened that Mr. Wilson was planting a little field of beans, so he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick. He told him he had got some pretty easy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and began to plant his beans with dispatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

17. While the boy was busily at work by himself Giles happened to come by, having been skulking round the back way, to look over the Parson's garden wall, to see if there was any thing worthy climbing over for, on the following night. He spied Dick, and began to rate him for working for the Parson.

18. "What has he promised thee a day?" said he, "little enough I dare say." "He is not to pay me by the day," said Dick, "but says he will give me so much when I have planted this peck, and so much for the next."

19. "Oh, ho! that alters the case," said Giles—"One may indeed get a trifle by this sort of work.—Come, give me a handful of the beans. I will teach you how to plant, when you are paid for planting by the peck. All we have to do in that case is to dispatch the work as fast as we can: and as to the seed coming up or not,

that is no business of ours. At the rate thou goest on, thou wouldst not get sixpence to-night. Come along; bury away."

20. So saying, he took his hat full of the seed, and where Dick had been ordered to set one bean, Giles buried a dozen. So the beans were soon out though the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out, till the time when the beans might be expected to come up; "and then, Dick," said he, "the snails and the mice may go shares in the blame."

21. So saying, he sent the boy into the parsonage to receive his pay, taking care to secure about a quarter of the beans for his own use; he put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilson, that he had planted the beans and lost the bag.

22. The time of public worship, on the Sabbath, was a season of harvest to Giles and his boys. Then the hens' nests were searched, a stray duck was clapped under the frock, the fowls in the neighbouring farm yards were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon houses were thinned; so that Giles used to boast to his wife, that Sunday was to them the most profitable day in the week.

23. With her it was certainly the most laborious day, as she always did her washing and ironing, on the Sunday morning, it being, as she said, the only leisure day she had; for on other days, she went about the country, telling fortunes, and selling dream-books, and wicked songs.

24. Neither her husband's nor her children's clothes were ever mended: and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in a week, it is likely they never would have been washed neither.

25. You might, however, see her as you were going to church, smoothing her own rags, on her best red cloak, which she always used for her ironing cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when she travelled, and for her blanket at night. Such a wretched manager was Rachel.

26. Among her other articles of trade, one was to make and sell peppermint, and other distilled waters. These she had the cheap art of making, without labour and without expense: for she made them without herbs, and without a still.

27. Her way was to fill so many quart bottles with plain water, putting a spoonful of mint-water in the mouth of each; these she corked down with rosin, carrying to each customer a vial of real distilled water to taste, by way of sample.

28. This was so good, that her bottles were commonly bought up, without being opened, but if any suspicion arose, and she was forced to uncork a bottle, she even then escaped detection, by means of the few drops of distilled water lying on the top; and she took care to get out of reach, before the bottle was opened a second time, and was too prudent ever to go twice to the same house.

29. I think my readers are now so well acquainted with this family, that they will not ex-

pect to hear any great good, either of Giles himself, his wife Rachel, or any of the children. I am sorry to expose their tricks; but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to speak about people at all, I must tell the truth.

30. I am sure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thousand times pleasanter to me to write their histories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I should be glad enough to tell of it; but till it really becomes so I must go on describing it as it is.

31. As for Giles and his boys, I am sure old widow Brown has good reason to remember their dexterity. Poor woman! she had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well kept garden; and many a rheumatism has she caught by kneeling down to weed them, in a damp day, notwithstanding the little flannel cloak, and the bit of an old mat, which madam Wilson gave her.

32. This poor woman made a great deal of dependence upon her onions. She used always carefully to treasure them up for her winter's store; for an onion makes a little broth very relishing; it is many times, indeed the only savoury thing, which poor people are able to get.

33. She also had a small orchard, containing about a dozen apple-trees, with which, in a good year, she has been known to make a couple of barrels of cider, which she sold to her landlord, towards paying her rent, besides having a little keg, which she was able to keep back for her own drinking

34. Well! would you believe it! Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own. Indeed, a man that stole so many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to steal onions for sauce.

35. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little business, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every single onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who tore up the bed in such a manner, that the widow, when she came home, had not the least doubt but that the pigs had been the thieves.

36. I wonder how any body can find in his heart, not to pity and respect poor widows. There is something so forlorn and helpless, in their condition, that methinks it is a call on every body, men, women and children, to do them all the kind services that fall in their way.

37. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reason for kind hearted people not to hurt and oppress them. This however, was the very reason which led wicked Giles to do this woman an injury.

38. It happened unluckily for this poor widow, that her cottage stood quite alone. On several mornings together, (for roguery many times gets up earlier than industry,) Giles stole regularly into her orchard, followed by his boys and his jack asses.

39. She was so deaf, that she could not hear the asses, if they had brayed ever so loud, and to this Giles trusted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries, since he could not otherwise

have contrived to keep out of prison; for though he was almost always suspected, he had seldom been taken up, and never convicted.

40. The boys used to fill their bags, load their asses, and then march off; and if in their way to the town, where the apples were to be sold, they chanced to pass by one of their neighbours, who might be likely to suspect them, they then, all at once, began to scream out, "buy my coal!—buy my sand."

41. Besides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had, in her small garden, one apple-tree particularly fine. It was a Redstreak, so tempting, and so lovely, that Giles' family had watched it, with longing eyes, till at last, they resolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit, in their bags.

42. But this was a nice point to manage. The tree stood directly under her chamber window, so that there was some danger, that she might spy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew she would not fail to be at church.

43. Sunday came, and during service Giles attended to the execution of his wicked purpose. It was a lone house, as I said before, and the rest of the Parish were safe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the asses were whipt, the thieves were off, the coast was clear, and all was safe and quiet, by the time the sermon was over.

44. Unluckily, however, it happened, that

this tree was so beautiful, and the fruit so fine, that the people, as they used to pass to and from church, were very apt to stop, and admire widow Brown's Redstreaks: and some of the farmers rather envied her, that in that scarce season, when they hardly expected to make a pie out of a large orchard, she was likely to make cider from a single tree.

45. But to return to Giles, it seems, that in this affair, his covetousness had, for once, got the better of his caution. The tree was too completely stripped. The youngest boy, Dick, begged hard, that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings; and when Giles ordered him to shake the tree, he did it so gently, that hardly any apples fell; for which he got a good shake with the stick, with which the old man was beating down the apples.

46. The neighbours, on their return from church, stopped as usual, but it was not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left: but to lament the robbery, and console the widow. Meantime the Redstreaks were safely lodged in Giles' hovel, under a few bundles of hay, which he had contrived to pull from the farmer's mow, the night before, for the use of his jack asses.

47. Such a stir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to suspicion, as soon as he saw the people safe in the church again, in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the apples, and

thrust them in at a little casement window, which happened to be open, in the house of Samuel Price, a very honest carpenter, in that parish, who was at church, with his whole family.

48. Giles' plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's sons, in case the thing should become to be further inquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging, was such a knock, as had nearly laid him on the earth.

49. Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her still weaker than she was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed, she rightly thought that trouble was a new reason why she ought to go; and she found herself much easier when she came out of the church, than when she went in.

50. Now it happened, oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, she should call in to rest a little at Samuel Price's. And, O reader, guess if you can, for I am sure I cannot tell you, what was her surprise, when going into the kitchen, she saw her own Redstreaks lying on the window!

51. The apples were of a sort too remarkable for colour, shape, and size, to be mistaken. There was not such another tree in all the parish. Widow Brown immediately screamed out, "lack-a-day! as sure as can be, here are my Redstreaks; I could swear to them in any court"

52. Samuel Price, who believed his sons to be as honest as himself, was shocked, and troubled at the sight. He knew he had no Redstreaks of his own: he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church; He did verily believe them to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not possibly guess.

53. He called for Tom, the only one of his sons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday school, which he had never once missed, since Mr. Wilson, the Minister, set up one in the parish. Was such a boy likely to do such a deed?

55. A croud was, by this time, got about Price's door, among which was Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to spread the news, that Tom Price was the thief. Most people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were strongly against him.

56. Mr. Wilson, who had staid to visit a sick person near the church, now came in. He was much concerned, that Tom Price, the best boy in his school, should stand accused of such a crime.—He sent for the boy, examined, and cross-examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But still, though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the Redstreaks, in his father's window.

57. All the idle fellows in the place, who were likely to have committed such a theft themselves, fell with great violence upon poor Tom. The wicked seldom give any quarter

"This is one of your sober ones," cried they. "This is the boy, who is so diligent in attending Sunday schools, and reading good books. We may now see the wonderful advantages of religion."

58. One said, he should like to see parson Wilson's righteous one well whipped. Another hoped he would be clapped in the stocks for a young hypocrite as he was; while old Giles, who thought to avoid suspicion by being more violent than the rest, declared, that he hoped the young dog would be transported for life.

59. Mr. Wilson was too wise, and too just, to proceed against Tom, without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy must be the punishment. But Tom, who knew his own innocence, earnestly prayed to God, that it might be made clear as the noon day, and his secret devotions, on that night were very fervent.

60. Black Giles passed his night in a very different manner. He set off, as soon as it was dark, with his sons and their jackasses, laden with their stolen goods. For as such a cry was raised about the apples, he did not think it safe to keep them longer at home, but resolved to go and sell them at the next town; borrowing, without leave, a lame colt out of the moor to assist in carrying off his booty.

61. Giles and his eldest sons had rare sport all the way, in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market place at

least, if not sent beyond sea. But little did they think, how soon the justice of Heaven would overtake them for their crimes.

62. The younger boy, Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with sin, could not help crying, when he thought that Tom Price was like to be punished for a crime, which he himself had helped to commit.

63. He felt no shame about the robbery, for he had not been instructed in the great principles of truth and justice. And therefore, I suppose, he would neither have felt much remorse about accusing an innocent boy; but though utterly devoid of principle, he had some remains of natural feeling, and of gratitude.

64. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheese; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his clothes on, and saved his life when he was just sinking. The remembrance of all this made his heart heavy, and drew tears from his eyes; yet he said nothing.

65. As he trotted along barefoot after the asses, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would suffer for their wickedness; yet fear kept him silent: They called him sulky dog, and lashed the asses till they bled.

66. In the mean time, Tom Price kept up his spirits, as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. "It is true," said he to himself, "I am

not guilty of this sin, but let this set me on examining myself, and truly repenting of all my other sins; for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God, I did not steal those apples."

67. At length Sunday came. Tom, after going to church, as usual, went in the evening to the school. As soon as he walked in, there was a deal of whispering and laughing among the worst of the boys; and he overheard them say, "Who would have thought it? This is master's favourite! This is Parson Wilson's sober Tommy! We shan't have Tommy thrown in our teeth again, if we go to get a bird's nest, or gather a few nuts of a Sunday."

68. Giles' family had always kept clear of the school; for they had no desire to learn their catechism, or to read their bible. Dick, indeed, had sometimes wished to go, not that he had much sense of sin, or inclination for goodness, but he thought if he could once read, he might rise in the world, and not be obliged to labour so hard all his days.

69. Through the whole Saturday night, Dick could not sleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wish to go to school, but he had not courage; for sin is very cowardly: So on the Sunday afternoon, he went and sat himself down under the church wall.

70. Mr. Wilson passed by. It was not his way to reject the most wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over, and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had indeed

long left off talking to Giles' sons; but seeing Dick sitting by himself, he once more spoke to him, and desired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the school.

71. The boy hung down his head, but made no answer. He did not, however, either rise up and run away, or look sulky as he used to do. The minister, therefore, desired him once more to go into the school. "Sir," said the boy, "I can't go; I am so big I am ashamed." "The bigger you are," said Mr. Wilson, "the less time you have to lose."

72. "But, Sir," said Dick, "I can't read." "Then," said the minister, "it is high time you should learn." "But I am ashamed," said the boy, "to begin to learn my letters." "The shame," said Mr. Wilson, "is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them."

73. The boy then said, "that he was too ragged;" But Mr. Wilson told him, "that God looked at the heart, and not at the coat." "But Sir, I have no shoes and stockings." "So much the worse; I remember who gave you both; (here Dick coloured;) It is bad to want shoes and stockings; but if you can go without them, at other times, you can certainly walk to school without them."

74. "But, Sir, the good boys will hate me, and won't speak to me." "Good boys hate nobody," said Mr. Wilson, "and as for their not speaking to you, to be sure they will not keep you company, while you go on in your present evil courses; but as soon as they see you wish

to reform, they will help you, and teach you, and so come along."—Here Mr. Wilson took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way.

75. How the whole school stared to see Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to say what he thought. The business went on, and Dick slunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags, and partly to hide his sin; for last Sunday's transaction sat heavy on his heart. Poor boy! he little thought there was One saw him, who sees all things, and from whose eye no hole nor corner can hide the sinner.

76. It was the custom, in that school, for the master, who was a wise and good man, to mark down, in his pocket-book, all the events of the week, that he might turn them to some account in his Sunday's instructions; such as any useful story in the newspaper, any account of persons being drowned as they were out in a pleasure boat on Sundays, or any sudden death in the parish.

77. Many young people of the place, therefore, who did not belong to the school, and many parents also, used to drop in for an hour, on a Sunday, when they were sure to hear something profitable. The minister greatly approved of this practice, and often called in himself, which was a great support to the master, and a great encouragement to the people.

78. The master had taken a deep concern in the story of the Widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor did he dare to pronounce him innocent; but

he resolved to turn the instructions of the present evening to this subject. He began thus:

79. "My dear boys, however light some of you may make of robbing an orchard, yet I have often told you there was no such thing as a little sin, if it be wilfully committed. I wish to explain to you also, that there is hardly ever such a thing as a single solitary sin. You know I teach you not merely to repeat the commandments, as an exercise for your memory, but as a rule for your conduct.

80. If you were to come here only to learn to read and spell, on a Sunday, I should think that was not employing God's day in a right manner, but I teach you to read, that you may, by this means, come to understand the bible and the catechism, so as to make every text in the one, and every question and answer in the other, to be fixed in your hearts, that they may bring forth fruit in your lives.

81. *Master.* How many commandments are there? *Boy.* Ten. *Master.* How many did that boy break, who stole Widow Brown's apples? *Boy.* Only one, Master; the eighth *Master.* What is the eighth? *Boy.* Thou shalt not steal.

82. *Master.* And you are very sure this was the only one he broke? Now suppose I could prove to you, that he probably broke no less than six out of those ten commandments, which the great Lord of Heaven stooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men: Would you not then think it a terrible thing to steal, whether apples or any thing else?

83. Yes, master, replied the boy. Well, then, said the master, I will now put the case. Some wicked boy has robbed Widow Brown's orchard —(Here the eyes of every one were turned upon poor Tom Price, except those of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.)

84. I accuse no one, continued the master; Tom Price is a good boy, and was not missing at the time of the robbery; these are two reasons why I presume he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by stealing these apples, he broke the eighth commandment.

85. *Boy*. Yes, master. *Master*. On what day were these apples stolen? *Boy*. On Sunday. *Master*. What is the fourth commandment? *Boy*. Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.

86. *Master*. Does that boy keep holy the Sabbath day, who loiters in an orchard, when he should be at church; and who steals apples when he should be saying his prayers? *Boy*. No, master. *Master*. What command does he break? *Boy*. The fourth.

87. *Master*. Suppose this boy had parents, who had sent him to church, and that he had disobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment? *Boy*. No, master. The fifth commandment says, Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.

88. This was the only part of the case, in which poor Dick Giles' heart did not smite him; for he knew that he had disobeyed no father, for his father, alas! was still wickeder than himself, and had brought him to commit the sin. But

what wretched comfort was this! The master went on.

89. Suppose this boy earnestly coveted this fruit; though it belonged to another person; would that be right? *Boy.* No, master, for the tenth commandment says, Thou shalt not covet. *Master.* Very well; here are four of God's positive commands already broken.—Now do you think thieves ever scruple to use wicked words? *Boy.* I am afraid not, master.

90. Here Dick Giles was not so hardened, but that he remembered how many curses had passed between him and his father, while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. But the master went on.

91. I will go one step further. If the thief, to all his other sins, has added that of accusing the innocent to save himself—if he should break the ninth commandment by *bearing false witness against a harmless neighbour*, then SIX COMMANDMENTS ARE BROKEN FOR AN APPLE. But if it be otherwise, if Tom Price should be found guilty; 'tis not his good character shall save him. I shall shed tears over him, but punish him I must.

92. "No, that you shan't," roared out Dick Giles, who sprung from his hiding place, fell on his knees and burst out a crying. "Tom Price is as good a boy as ever lived; it was father and I stole the apples.

93. It would have done your heart good to have seen the joy of the master, the modest blushes of Tom Price, and the satisfaction of

every honest boy in the school. All shook hands with Tom, and even Dick got some portion of pity.

94. I wish I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the master gave on this occasion. But while Mr. Wilson left the guilty boy to the management of the master, he thought it became him as a minister and a magistrate to go to the extent of the law in punishing the father.

95. Early on Monday morning, therefore, he sent to apprehend Giles. In the mean time, Mr Wilson himself was sent for to a gardener's house, two miles distant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind.

96. He set out directly, but what was his surprise, on his arrival, to see, in a little bed, on the floor, poaching Giles, lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weston, a poor young man, whom Giles had once very much injured, was kneeling by him, offering him some broth, and talking to him in the kindest manner.

97. Mr. Wilson begged to know the meaning of all this, and Jack Weston spake as follows: "At four this morning, as I was walking out to mow, passing under the high wall of this garden, I heard a most pitiful moaning. The nearer I came, the more dismal it grew. At last, whom should I see but poor Giles, groaning and struggling under a quantity of bricks and stone, but not able to stir.

98. "The day before, he had marked a fine large net, on this old wall, and resolved to steal it;

for he thought it might do as well to catch partridges, as to preserve cherries; so, sir, standing on the very top of this wall, and tugging with all his might, to loosen the net from the hooks which fastened it, down came Giles, net, wall and all; for the wall was gone to decay.

99. "It was very high indeed, and poor Giles not only broke his thigh, but has got a terrible blow on his head, and is bruised all over like a mummy. On seeing me, sir, poor Giles cried out, "O Jack! I did try to ruin thee, and now thou wilt be revenged, by letting me lie here and perish."

100. "God forbid, cried I; thou shalt now see, Giles, what sort of revenge a christian takes. So, sir, I sent off the gardener's boy to fetch a surgeon, while I ran home, and brought on my back this bit of a hammock, which is indeed my own bed, and put Giles upon it. We then lifted him up, bed and all, as tenderly as we could, and brought him in here.

101. "My wife has just come, and brought him a drop of nice broth, and now, sir, as I have done what I could for this poor perishing body, it was I who took the liberty to send for you to come to try to help his poor soul, for the Doctor says he can't live."

102. Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, "Such an action as this is worth a volume of comments on that precept of our blessed Master, "Do good to them that hate you." Giles' dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could

neither pray himself, nor attend to the minister.

103. He could only cry out, "Oh, sir, what will become of me? I don't know how to repent. Oh my poor wicked children! sir, I have bred them all up in sin and ignorance. Have mercy on them, sir; let me not meet them in the place of torment to which I am going." He languished a few days, and died in the greatest misery.

104. Except the minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tom Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice and milk, or apple dumpling, and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, that he thought now there must be some truth in religion, since it taught even a boy to deny himself, and to forgive an injury.

105. Mr. Wilson, the next Sunday, made a moving discourse on the danger of what are called *petty offences*. This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced such an effect, that many sinners were hopefully brought to repentance, and became serious and good men.

## *THE YOUNG COTTAGER.*

1. On a warm Summer's day, as Rose, a poor girl, sat singing at her wheel, in the shade of the wood, she heard a deep groan among the trees—She stopped her wheel and for a moment

listened; but all being still, she went on with her work.

2. In a few minutes she again heard a groan, as of a person in distress. She started up, and went towards the place, to discover the occasion of the sound: but having looked about some time without success, she returned to her work.

3 Again the sound saluted her ears, and she resolved to find the cause. Pursuing a narrow, winding path, she at length beheld an old man, in the agonies of distress, stretched on the ground, and his head supported by the roots of a tree.

4. The tender-hearted Rose hastened to him, and stooping down, attempted to raise his head into her lap: upon which the poor man faintly spake the word *water*. Rose guessed by this, that he wanted drink, and ran to her father's cottage, where she took her bowl of new milk, and brought it to the poor suffering old man. He drank freely, and was soon refreshed, so as to be able to thank Rose for her kindness.

5. Rose then asked him, how he came to be in that situation? He replied, that on his way from New-York to Hartford, he was seized with a violent fever, and lay sick for several days, in which time, all his money was spent.

6. After this, his landlord would no longer take care of him, and being obliged to travel, before he had gained his strength, he was soon fatigued, and almost fainted, being just able to crawl into the shade of the woods.

7. When the compassionate girl heard this

story; she ran home, and brought some brown bread, which was all her father's cottage afforded. This she softened with milk, and sitting down by his side, fed him with it.

8. He soon revived, so as to be able to walk to a shed, which some workmen had raised, in the neighbourhood. Here he lay down upon the straw, while Rose went to inform her father, who had just come home.

9. Rose entreated her father to assist the poor old man, and give him a bed, till he should be well enough to go on his journey. "Give him a bed," said her father, "this would be a fine thing, indeed! What will the town say, when my own family becomes a charge to them? I am sure we are poor enough already, and want help more than we are able to give it."

10. "But," said Rose, "our minister tells us to do all the good we can, and pity those that are in distress." "Yes, yes," said the father, "he should preach that to rich folks. Poor folks have nothing to give. It is well if we can maintain ourselves, and not come upon the town."

11. "But father," said Rose, "it will cost us but little to let the miserable old man lodge a few nights in the house; and besides, the Scripture says, that God will return us fourfold what we give to the poor."

12. "O fie, child," answered the old churl, "let me hear no more of your helping the poor. We are poor enough ourselves." At this, the kind girl burst into tears, and said "I am sure sir, if you could only see how very poor this

man is, you would be glad to afford him a little relief." "Peace, girl," said her father, "and eat your porridge."

13. Rose, seeing she could not prevail on her hard hearted father to lend the man any assistance, resolved to do what she could herself. She therefore eat but little of her porridge; and when her father was gone out, she carried the rest to the poor man in the shed.

14. She found him in a calm sleep, and not being willing to wake him, she sat down by his side, till he awoke, and then kindly presented him a little refreshment. This would not satisfy her friendly heart; but seeing him exposed to the damp air of the evening, she went and brought him some clothes to cover him in the night.

15. In this manner, the good girl provided for the poor sick man, by giving him a share of her own portion of food, every day, till he had quite recovered, and was able to pursue his journey.

16. When he departed, he shed many tears, and blessed her a thousand times for her kindness. He said he could express his gratitude only by words, and tears of joy; but he was sure that heaven would reward her.

17. This generous conduct of Rose was soon reported in the neighbouring villages, and every one was pleased and delighted with it. In a few years her amiable behaviour made her the admiration of all who knew her; and a wealthy young farmer, being charmed with her virtues, offered her his heart, his hand, and his fortune.

18. Thus was Rose raised from poverty, by her virtuous and good conduct, and now lives in wealth and plenty, the joy of her husband, and the pattern of her sex.

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## THE MISTAKE.

1. One day, a poor woman, encouraged by the great fame of Cardinal Farnese's generosity, came into the hall of the Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful girl of twelve years of age.

2. When her turn came to be heard, among the croud of petitioners, the cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and manners, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely.

3. She blushed, and with tears addressed him; "My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have not wherewithal to pay it. What I desire of your lordship is, that you would please to interpose your authority, and protect me from the violence of a cruel man, until by my honest industry, I can procure the money for him."

4. The Cardinal, moved with admiration at the woman's virtue and modesty, bid her be of good courage. He then immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into her hand, "Go," said he to my steward, with this paper, and he will deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent."

5. The poor woman, overjoyed, returned the

Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note, which when he had read, he counted her out fifty crowns.

6. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take more than five, saying, that she asked of the Cardinal no more, and she was sure it was a mistake.

7. On the other side, the stward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question: But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns.

8. Wherefore, to end the controversy, the steward offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before the prince, and he was fully informed of the business, "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it."

9. Therefore, he wrote again, saying this to the woman, "So much candour and virtue deserve a recompense; here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry, to give to your daughter in marriage.

*As children sometimes want relief from their usual studies in school, they may occasionally exercise themselves in committing to memory the following pieces.*

## THOMSON'S PRAYER.

Father of Light and Life—thou Good Supreme,
O teach me what is good; teach me thyself.
Save me from folly, vanity and vice—
From every low pursuit—and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss.

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## UPON A WATCH.

Little monitor, by thee,
Let me learn what I should be;
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful, and progressive still.
Thou canst gentle hints impart,
How to regulate the heart:
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault and set thee right,
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review;
Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.

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## A MORNING HYMN.

Arise my soul, with rapture rise,
And fill'd with love and praise, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power,
  Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
  Advance my soul more nigh to thee.

O! deign to lend a favouring ear,
  When I, a sinful mortal, pray:
In boundless goodness deign to hear,
  Nor cast me from thy face away.

Then let me serve thee all my days,
  And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
  And all thy paths are paths of peace.

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## *RELIGION.*

O blest Religion, heavenly fair,
  Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
  And gild each gloomy hour.

Thy bright, thy sacred lamp alone
  Unerring points the way,
Where happiness forever shines,
  With unpolluted ray;

To regions of eternal peace,
  Beyond the starry skies;
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
  In endless prospect rise.

Then let my heart confess thy power,
  And find the sweet relief,
To brighten every painful hour,
  And soften every grief.

## *INVOCATION TO SLEEP.*

Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities:
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.
On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die;
Let Israel's watchful Shepherd spread
The tents of angels round my bed.

## *A MIDNIGHT HYMN.*

To thee, all-glorious, ever blessed Power,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour,
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
And all things, wrap'd in gentle slumbers, lie.
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
And every thought with gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which thy hand impart,
Health to my flesh, and comfort to my heart
May my prayers before thy throne arise,
An humble, but accepted sacrifice!
And when thou shalt my weary eye-lids close,
And to my body grant a soft repose,
May my ethereal guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head
Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,
To bless my sleep, and sanctify my dreams.

*THE FALL OF THE LEAF.*

See the leaves around us falling
  Dry and wither'd to the ground.
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
  In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
  While like us he blighted fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
  'Tis alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming,
  On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
  Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,
  See the end of all your care,
Fled on wings of our own making,
  We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
  Fluttering high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
  Brings us down to present earth.

Learned Sophs, in systems jaded,
  Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
  Every leaf must have a fall.

Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
  Gay in health, and manly grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
  Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
  Hither turn the unwilling eye,
Think amidst your falling glory,
  Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
  Messengers of shortest stay,
We repeat the solemn warning,
  Heaven and earth will pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
  Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd,
Which alone, forever vernal,
  Bears those leaves that never fade.

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## *THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.*

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

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